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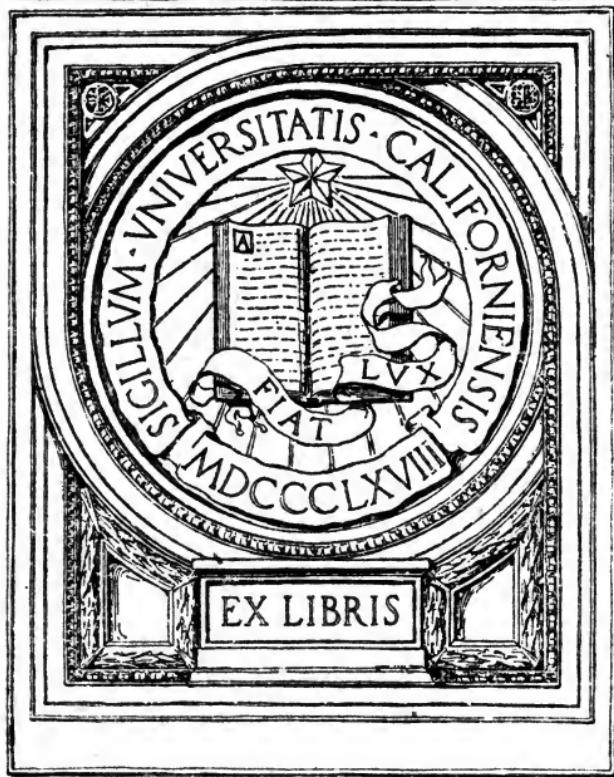
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SPECIMEN LETTERS

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SPECIMEN LETTERS

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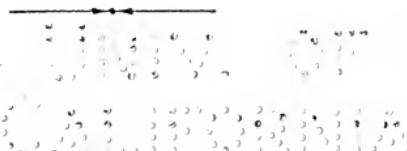
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P R E F A C E

‘All letters, methinks, should be free and easy as one’s discourse — not studied as an oration, nor made up of hard words like a charm.’ Thus somewhere wrote Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple; and if it is familiar letters that we are speaking of, we shall hardly venture to differ with the fair Dorothy. And even as the frequenting of good society tends to impart an easy turn to one’s discourse, so to see how men and women of wit and breeding converse with their intimates on paper ought to preserve us from the worst forms of clownishness, affectation, stiffness, or pedantry. As it is a rare pleasure to receive a well-written letter, so it is a rare accomplishment to write such as shall be at once piquant and natural, cheery but not boisterous, well bred but not unduly ceremonious. In the letters which follow, we have drawn freely upon writers who seem to be at home with their correspondents, and to be pouring out their thoughts, or indulging in their sallies, without other restraint than such as his own nature imposes upon a person of refinement. Some of these are letters of compliment, others of invitation; some are records of travel, others of a home-keeping and unadventurous life. But with all their variety, the letters of this class have a certain unpremeditated air by which they may easily be recognized.

But our selection has a somewhat wider range. Some of the letters included strike a deeper note, being elicited by sympathy with sorrow, or serious concern, or indignation. Some are matter-of-fact, and others have a kind of stateliness; so that while those of lighter vein and more familiar temper

predominate, there is no lack of such as spring from emotion, and even conviction.

The period covered by our selection is approximately two hundred years, from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present; and the order is chronological. Most letters earlier than 1700 would have a somewhat stiff and archaic air; in the age of Anne a tincture of French courtliness and grace manifests itself in England — as in the *Spectator*, for example — and this is accordingly a convenient era from which to draw our earliest examples.

In an appendix we have added, for purposes of comparison, translations of a few letters from other tongues: specimens chosen from Cicero and the younger Pliny, the best representatives of the species in antiquity; from Madame de Sévigné, perhaps the most famous letter-writer among the moderns; and from Voltaire, whose correspondence alone would have entitled him to no mean rank among the authors of his century. The reply of Trajan to Pliny's request for instructions is inserted, partly as a desirable complement to that of Pliny, partly because of its historical interest, and partly for its mingling of friendliness with imperial dignity — at once a state paper and an obliging note of reply.

Many of the letters we have included are of course out of copyright. For permission to use those more recently published we are under obligation to the courtesy of various proprietors: — to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. for the letter by Huxley; to Mr. Aldis Wright for those by Fitzgerald; to the present Lord Tennyson for those by his father and that from Emerson to the poet; to the heirs of Matthew Arnold for those by him; to Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for their coöperation in securing permissions in the last three cases, and for their willingness to grant the right in the case of Shuckburgh's translation from Cicero; to Miss Helen Nicolay for the letters

by Lincoln, as contained in *Abraham Lincoln: Complete Works*, edited by Nicolay and Hay; to Professor A. V. G. Allen and Mr. Wm. G. Brooks for those by Phillips Brooks; to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of Samuel Longfellow's *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, for those by the poet, and that from Hawthorne to him; to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for those by Lowell; to Charles Scribner's Sons for those by Stevenson; and to Mr. Fisher Unwin for those by 'Lewis Carroll.' How much the book has been enriched by these additions will be evident at a glance, and we desire to express our cordial thanks for the consideration with which our requests have been met.

That through ignorance or inadvertence we have omitted some letters which we should have done well to include in our collection we are quite prepared to believe; and we should be grateful for suggestions concerning such letters from those who may use the book.

YALE UNIVERSITY

January 2, 1905

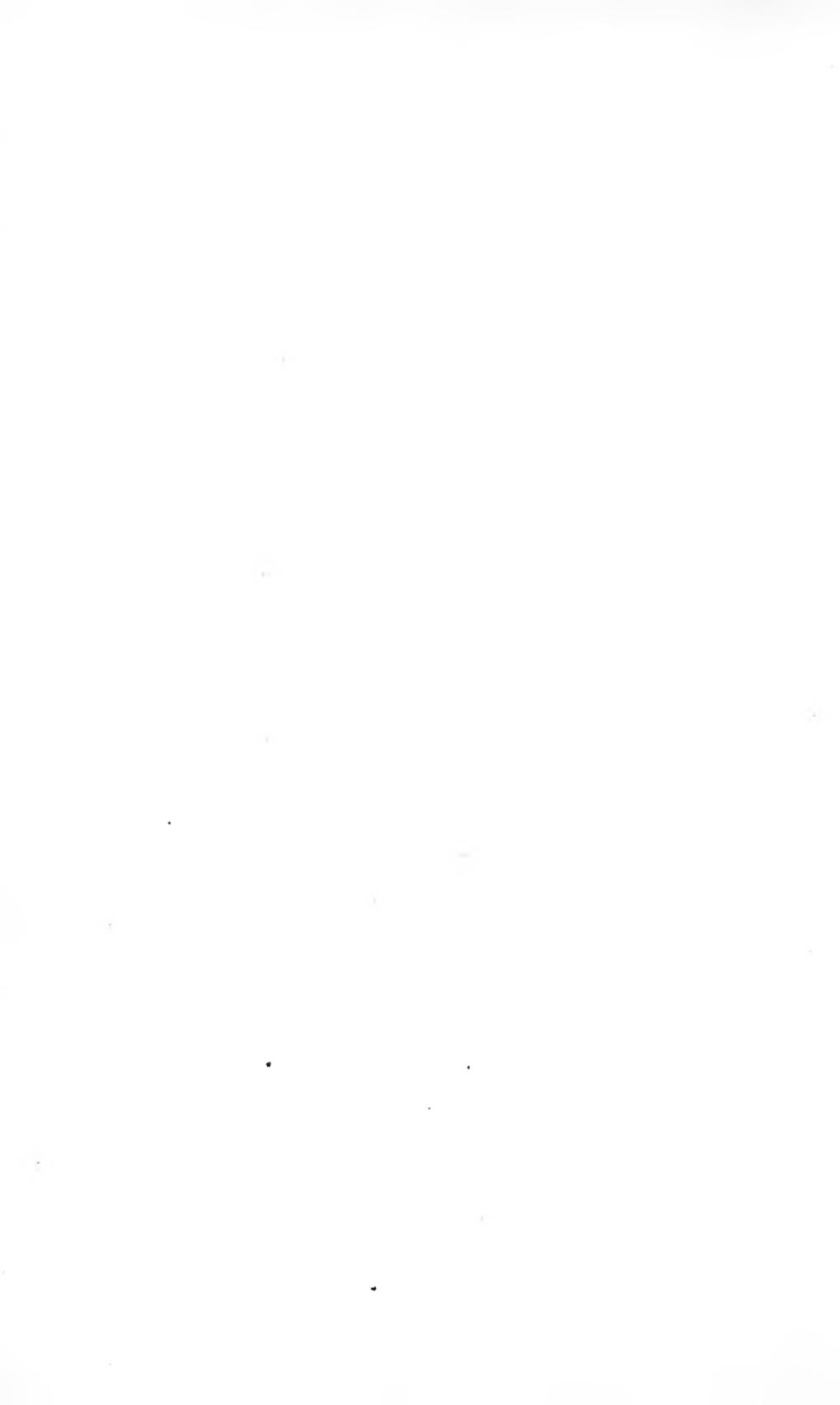


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SPECIMEN LETTERS

I

Joseph Addison to Chamberlain Dashwood

DEAR SIR :

Geneva, July, 1702.

About three days ago Mr. Bocher put a very pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleased to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a gentleman that I have so great an honor for. You did not probably foresee that it would draw on the trouble of a letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part, I can no more accept of a snuff-box without returning my acknowledgments, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last I must own to you is so great an absurdity that I should be ashamed to confess it, were I not in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I am observed to have my box oftener in my hand than those that have been used to one these twenty years, for I can't forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr. Dashwood. You know Mr. Bays recommends snuff as a great provocative to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence against him. I have since the beginning of it taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude that wit and tobacco are not inseparable, or, to make a pun of it, tho' a man may be master of a snuff-box,

Non cuicunque datum est habere nasum.¹

¹ Mart. i. 42. 18.—EDS.

I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation, did not I know that the gentleman I am writing to always carries a Horace in his pocket. But whatever you may think me, pray, Sir, do me the justice to esteem me

Your most, etc.

II

Alexander Pope to Henry Cromwell

April 17, 1708.

I have nothing to say to you in this letter, but I was resolved to write to tell you so. Why should not I content myself with so many great examples of deep divines, profound casuists, grave philosophers, who have written not letters only, but whole tomes and voluminous treatises about nothing? Why should a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be ashamed to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you will say: 'The whole world has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be employed about'; but pray, Sir, cast up the account, put all these things together, and what is the sum total but just nothing? I have no more to say, but to desire you to give my service — that is, nothing — to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than your, etc.

Ex nihilo nil fit. — Lucre.

III

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her Sister

Rotterdam, Aug. 3 [O.S.], 1716.

I flatter myself, dear sister, that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea,

though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over ; but after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frightened than the captain. For my part, I have been so lucky neither to suffer from fear nor seasickness ; though I confess I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Briel. I was charmed with the neatness of that little town ; but my arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers' doors are placed seats of various-colored marbles, so neatly kept that I'll assure you I walked almost all over the town yesterday, incognito, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt ; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street with more application than ours do our bedchambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair ; but I see it is every day the same. It is certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants' ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples so common in London, nor teased with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common

servants and little shopwomen here are more nicely clean than most of our ladies, and the great variety of neat dresses — every woman dressing her head after her own fashion — is an additional pleasure in seeing the town. You see hitherto I make no complaints, dear sister, and if I continue to like traveling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it if it affords me an opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you must expect a disinterested offer. I can write enough in the style of Rotterdam to tell you plainly in one word that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain, and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you I am

Your affectionate sister.

IV

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to her Sister.

Vienna, Sept. 8 [O.S.], 1716.

I am now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna, and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor — what is dearer to me — in that of my child, by all our fatigues. We traveled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels that they very properly call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniences of a palace — stoves in the chambers, kitchens, etc. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such an incredible swiftness that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects, and within the space of a few hours you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city, adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of

the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Linz, famous for the retreat of the Imperial Court when Vienna was besieged. This town, which has the honor of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my expectation nor ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They are all built of fine white stone, and are excessive¹ high; for as the town is too little for the number of people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them of six, stories. You may easily imagine that, the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark, and, what is an inconvenience much more intolerable in my opinion, there is no house that has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided but by a partition from that of a tailor or shoemaker, and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house — one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own let out the rest of them to whoever will take them, and thus the great stairs — which are all of stone — are as common and as dirty as the street. It is true, when you have once traveled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a *suite* of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the

¹ So in the original.—EDS.

finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking-glasses in silver frames, fine Japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window-curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. All this is made gay by pictures and vast jars of Japan china, and large lustres of rock crystal. I have already had the honor of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality, and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answer to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat, all served in silver, and well dressed ; the dessert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines is what appears the most surprising ; the constant way is to lay a list of their names upon the plates of the guests along with the napkins, and I have counted several times to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds. I was yesterday at Count Schoonbourn the Vice-Chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the Faubourg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Faubourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best-built cities in Europe. Count Schoonbourn's villa is one of the most magnificent ; the furniture all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up nothing can look more gay and splendid ; not to speak of a gallery full of rarities of coral, mother-of-pearl, and throughout the whole house a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange- and lemon-trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good humor of the Count. I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown,

without which there is no waiting on the Empress ; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had the honor, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

V

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to Lady Rich

Adrianople, April 1 [O.S.], 1717.

I am now got into a new world, where everything I see appears to me a change of scene, and I will write to your ladyship with some content of mind, hoping at least that you will find the charm of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me that I tell you nothing extraordinary. I will not trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey ; but I must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish Empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are resorted to both for diversion and health. I stopped here one day, on purpose to see them ; and designing to go incognito, I hired a Turkish coach. These *voitures*¹ are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great that glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch stage-coaches, having wooden lattices painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottoes. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and thus permit the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.

¹ Carriages.—EDS.

In one of these covered wagons I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joined together, the outmost being less than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten shillings, and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one, paved with marble, and all round it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basins, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with streams of sulphur, proceeding from the baths joining to it, it was impossible to stay there with one's clothes on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleased to have.

I was in my traveling habit, which is a riding-dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that showed the least surprise or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles and satirical whispers that never fail in our assemblies, when anybody appears that is not dressed exactly in the fashion.

VI

Jonathan Swift to Joseph Addison

Dublin, July 9, 1717.

I should be much concerned if I did not think you were a little angry with me for not congratulating you upon being Secretary. But I choose my time, as I would to visit you, when all your company is gone. I am confident you have given ease of mind to many thousand people, who will never believe any ill can be intended to the Constitution in Church or State while you are in so high a trust ; and I should have been of the same opinion, though I had not the happiness to know you.

I am extremely obliged for your kind remembrance some months ago by the Bishop of Derry, and for your generous intentions, if you had come to Ireland, to have made party give way to friendship by continuing your acquaintance. I examine my heart, and can find no other reason why I write to you now besides that great love and esteem I have always had for you. I have nothing to ask you either for any friend or for myself. When I conversed among Ministers, I boasted of your acquaintance, but I feel no vanity from being known to a Secretary of State. I am only a little concerned to see you stand single ; for it is a prodigious singularity in any court to owe one's rise entirely to merit. I will venture to tell you a secret—that three or four more such choices would gain more hearts in three weeks than all the methods hitherto practised have been able to do in as many years.

It is now time for me to recollect that I am writing to a Secretary of State, who has little time allowed him for trifles. I therefore take my leave, with assurances of being ever, with the truest respect, etc., Yours,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

VII

Thomas Gray to his Mother

Rheims, June 21 [N.S.], 1739.

We have now been settled almost three weeks in this city, which is more considerable upon account of its size and antiquity than from the number of its inhabitants or any advantages of commerce. There is little in it worth a stranger's curiosity besides the cathedral church, which is a vast Gothic building of a surprising beauty and lightness, all covered over with a profusion of little statues and other ornaments. It is here the kings of France are crowned by the Archbishop of Rheims, who is the first peer, and the primate of the kingdom. The holy vessel made use of on that occasion, which contains the oil, is kept in the church of St. Nicasius hard by, and is believed to have been brought by an angel from heaven at the coronation of Clovis, the first Christian king. The streets in general have but a melancholy aspect, the houses all old ; the public walks run along the side of a great moat under the ramparts, where one hears a continual croaking of frogs ; the country round about is one great plain covered with vines, which at this time of year afford no very pleasing prospect, as being not above a foot high.

What pleasures the place denies to the sight, it makes up to the palate ; since you have nothing to drink but the best champagne in the world, and all sorts of provisions equally good. As to other pleasures, there is not that freedom of conversation among the people of fashion here that one sees in other parts of France ; for though they are not very numerous in this place, and consequently must live a good deal together, yet they never come to any great familiarity with one another. As my Lord Conway had spent a good part of his time among them, his brother, and we with him,

were soon introduced into all their assemblies. As soon as you enter, the lady of the house presents each of you a card, and offers you a party at quadrille ; you sit down, and play forty deals without intermission, excepting one quarter of an hour, when everybody rises to eat of what they call the *gouter*, which supplies the place of our tea, and is a service of wine, fruits, cream, sweetmeats, crawfish, and cheese. People take what they like, and sit down again to play ; after that, they make little parties to go to the walks together, and then all the company retire to their separate habitations. Very seldom any suppers or dinners are given ; and this is the manner they live among one another ; not so much out of any aversion they have to pleasure, as out of a sort of formality they have contracted by not being much frequented by people who have lived at Paris. It is sure they do not hate gaiety any more than the rest of their country-people, and can enter into diversions that are once proposed with a good grace enough ; for instance, the other evening we happened to be got together in a company of eighteen people, men and women of the best fashion here, at a garden in the town to walk ; when one of the ladies bethought herself of asking, ‘Why should not we sup here ?’ Immediately the cloth was laid by the side of a fountain under the trees, and a very elegant supper served up ; after which another said, ‘Come, let us sing’ ; and directly began herself. From singing we insensibly fell to dancing, and singing in a round ; when somebody mentioned the violins, and immediately a company of them was ordered. Minuets were begun in the open air, and then came country-dances, which held till four o’clock next morning ; at which hour the gayest lady there proposed that such as were weary should get into their coaches, and the rest of them should dance before them with the music in the van ; and in this manner we paraded through all the principal streets of the

city, and waked everybody in it. Mr. Walpole had a mind to make a custom of the thing, and would have given a ball in the same manner next week ; but the women did not come into it, so I believe it will drop, and they will return to their dull cards and usual formalities. We are not to stay above a month longer here, and shall then go to Dijon, the chief city of Burgundy, a very splendid and very gay town ; at least such is the present design.

VIII

Thomas Gray to his Mother

Turin, November 7 [N.S.], 1739.

I am this night arrived here, and have just set [*sic*] down to rest me after eight days' tiresome journey. For the three first we had the same road we before passed through to go to Geneva ; the fourth we turned out of it, and for that day and the next traveled rather among than upon the Alps ; the way commonly running through a deep valley by the side of the river Arve, which works itself a passage, with great difficulty and a mighty noise, among vast quantities of rocks, that have rolled down from the mountain-tops. The winter was so far advanced as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the prospect ; however, there was still somewhat fine remaining amidst the savageness and horror of the place. The sixth we began to go up several of these mountains ; and as we were passing one, met with an odd accident enough. Mr. Walpole had a little fat black spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the chaise-side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most ; on one side was a great wood of pines, and on the other a vast precipice ; it was noonday, and the sun shone bright, when all of a sudden from the wood-side — which was

as steep upwards as the other part was downwards—out rushed a great wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seized the dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a minute; we all saw it, and yet the servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do anything to save the dog. If he had not been there, and the creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horses, chaise and we and all must inevitably have tumbled above fifty fathoms perpendicular down the precipice. The seventh we came to Lanebourg, the last town in Savoy; it lies at the foot of the famous Mount Cenis, which is so situated as to allow no room for any way but over the very top of it. Here the chaise was forced to be pulled to pieces, and the baggage and that to be carried by mules. We ourselves were wrapped up in our furs, and seated upon a sort of matted chair without legs, which is carried upon poles in the manner of a bier, and so begun to ascend by the help of eight men. It was six miles to the top, where a plain opens itself about as many more in breadth, covered perpetually with very deep snow, and in the midst of that a great lake of unfathomable depth, from whence a river takes its rise, and tumbles over monstrous rocks quite down the other side of the mountain. The descent is six miles more, but infinitely more steep than the going up; and here the men perfectly fly down with you, stepping from stone to stone with incredible swiftness in places where none but they could go three paces without falling. The immensity of the precipices, the roaring of the river and torrents that run into it, the huge crags covered with ice and snow, and the clouds below you and about you, are objects it is impossible to conceive without seeing them; and though we had heard many strange descriptions of the scene, none of them at all came up to it. We were but five hours in performing the whole, from which you may judge of the rapidity.

of the men's motion. We are now got into Piedmont, and stopped a little while at La Ferriere, a small village about three-quarters of the way down, but still among the clouds, where we began to hear a new language spoken round us ; at last we got quite down, went through the Pas de Suse, a narrow road among the Alps, defended by two fortresses, and lay at Bussoleno. Next evening through a fine avenue of nine miles in length, as straight as a line, we arrived at this city, which, as you know, is the capital of the Principality, and the residence of the King of Sardinia. . . . We shall stay here, I believe, a fortnight, and proceed for Genoa, which is three or four days' journey to go post.

IX

William Shenstone to Mr. Jago

DEAR SIR :

The Leasowes, March 23, 1747-8.

I have sent Tom over for the papers which I left under your inspection ; having nothing to add upon this head but that the more freely and particularly you give me your opinion, the greater will be the obligation which I shall have to acknowledge.

I shall be very glad if I happen to receive a good large bundle of your own compositions, in regard to which I will observe any commands which you shall please to lay upon ~~me~~.

I am favored with a certain correspondence by way of letter, which I told you I should be glad to cultivate ; and I find it very entertaining.

Pray did you receive my answer to your last letter, sent by way of London ? I should be extremely sorry to be debarred the pleasure of writing to you by the post as often as I feel a violent propensity to describe the notable incidents of my life, which amount to about as much as the tinsel of your little boy's hobby-horse.

I am on the point of purchasing a couple of busts for the niches of my hall ; and believe me, my good friend, I never proceed one step in ornamenting my little farm but I enjoy the hopes of rendering it more agreeable to you and the small circle of acquaintance which sometimes favor me with their company.

I shall be extremely glad to see you and Mr. Fancourt when the trees are green — that is, in May ; but I would not have you content yourself with a single visit this summer. If Mr. Hardy — to whom you will make my compliments — inclines to favor me so far, you must calculate so as to wait on him whenever he finds it convenient, though I have better hopes of making his reception here agreeable to him when my Lord Dudley comes down. I wonder how he would like the scheme I am upon, of exchanging a large tankard for a silver standish.

I have had a couple of paintings given me since you were here. One of them is a Madonna, valued, as it is said, at ten guineas in Italy, but which you would hardly purchase at the price of five shillings. However, I am endeavoring to make it out to be one of Carlo Maratt[a]'s, who was a first hand, and famous for Madonnas ; even so as to be nicknamed ‘Carluccio delle Madonne’ by Salvator Rosa. Two letters of the cipher (CM) agree ; what shall I do with regard to the third ? It is a small piece, and sadly blackened. It is about the size — though not quite the shape — of the Bacchus over the parlor door, and has much such a frame.

A person may amuse himself almost as cheaply as he pleases. I find no small delight in rearing all sorts of poultry — geese, turkeys, pullets, ducks, etc. I am also somewhat smitten with a blackbird which I have purchased, a very fine one, brother by father, but not by mother, to the unfortunate bird you so beautifully describe, a copy of which description you must not

fail to send me ; but, as I said before, one may easily habituate oneself to cheap amusements, that is, rural ones — for all town amusements are horridly expensive. I would have you cultivate your garden ; plant flowers ; have a bird or two in the hall — they will at least amuse your children ; write now and then a song ; buy now and then a book ; write now and then a letter to your most sincere friend and affectionate servant.

P.S. I hope you have exhausted all your spirit of criticism upon my verses, that you may have none left to cavil at this letter ; for I am ashamed to think that you, in particular, should receive the dullest I ever wrote in my life. Make my compliments to Mrs. Jago. She can go a little abroad, you say ; tell her I should be proud to show her the Leasowes. Adieu.

X

James Wolfe¹ to his Mother

DEAR MADAM :

Glasgow, October 2, 1749.

It will not be possible in my circumstances to get leave of absence for four months ; we can expect no such indulgence. A less time is not worth asking for, and therefore I'll pass the winter at Perth. I must hunt and shoot for exercise, and read for entertainment. After Christmas, when the company comes into Edinburgh, and the place is in all its perfection of dirt and gaiety, I'll repair thither, and stay a fortnight or three weeks. It will help to dispel melancholy, and I have been told that a certain smell is a remedy for the vapors ; there I can't fail to meet the cure. This day fortnight we leave this town, and till we return to it cannot hope to find so good quarters. According to the rotation of the troops in Scotland, the sixth year brings us back ; but 'tis a dreadful interval,

¹ The hero of Quebec.—EDS.

a little life to a military man ; and for my particular, so far from being in love with the country that I'd go to the Rhine or Italy, nay, serve in a campaign against the Turks, rather than continue in it the time I have mentioned, and that, too, in the very blossoming season of our days. It is my misfortune to miss the improving hour, and to degenerate instead of brightening. Few of my companions surpass me in common knowledge, but most of them in vice. This is a truth that I should blush to relate to one that had not all my confidence, lest it be thought to proceed either from insolence or vanity ; but I think you don't understand it so. I dread their habits and behavior, and am forced to an eternal watch upon myself, that I may avoid the very manner which I most condemn in them. Young men should have some object constantly in their aim, some shining character to direct them. 'T is a disadvantage to be first at an imperfect age ; either we become enamored with ourselves, seeing nothing superior, or fall into the degree of our associates.

I'll stop here, that you may not think me very uneasy. As I now am, it is possible that I might be better pleased, but my duty and a natural indolence of temper make it less irksome ; and then a pretty constant employment helps to get me through, and secures me from excess or debauch. That, too, is enough prevented by the office of a commander.

My duty to my father.

I am, dear Madam,
Your obedient and affectionate son,

J. WOLFE.

XI

Benjamin Franklin to Peter Collinson

[Read at the Royal Society, December 21, 1752.]

SIR :

Philadelphia, 19 October, 1752.

As frequent mention is made in public papers from Europe of the success of the Philadelphia experiment for drawing the electric fire from clouds by means of pointed rods of iron erected on high buildings, etc., it may be agreeable to the curious to be informed that the same experiment has succeeded in Philadelphia, though made in a different and more easy manner, which is as follows. Make a small cross of two light strips of cedar, the arms so long as to reach to the four corners of a large thin silk handkerchief when extended ; tie the corners of the handkerchief to the extremities of the cross, so you have the body of a kite ; which, being properly accommodated with a tail, loop, and string, will rise in the air like those made of paper ; but this, being of silk, is fitter to bear the wet and wind of a thunder-gust without tearing. To the top of the upright stick of the cross is to be fixed a very sharp-pointed wire, rising a foot or more above the wood. To the end of the twine, next the hand, is to be tied a silk ribbon, and where the silk and twine join, a key may be fastened.

This kite is to be raised when a thunder-gust appears to be coming on, and the person who holds the string must stand within a door or window, or under some cover, so that the silk ribbon may not be wet ; and care must be taken that the twine does not touch the frame of the door or window. As soon as any of the thunder-clouds come over the kite, the pointed wire will draw the electric fire from them, and the kite, with all the twine, will be electrified, and the loose filaments of the twine will stand out every way, and be attracted

by an approaching finger. And when the rain has wetted the kite and twine, so that it can conduct the electric fire freely, you will find it stream out plentifully from the key on the approach of your knuckle. At this key the vial may be charged ; and from electric fire thus obtained spirits may be kindled, and all the other electric experiments be performed which are usually done by the help of a rubbed glass globe or tube, and thereby the sameness of the electric matter with that of lightning completely demonstrated.

B. FRANKLIN.

XII

Samuel Johnson to Lord Chesterfield

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

MY LORD :

February 7, 1755.

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World* that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by Your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited Your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*¹; that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending ; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed Your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired

¹ The conqueror of the conqueror of the world.—EDS.

and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could ; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door ; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help ? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less ; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself, with so much exultation,

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,
SAM. JOHNSON.

XIII

Benjamin Franklin to his Wife

MY DEAR CHILD :

Bethlehem, 15 January, 1756.

We move this day for Gnadenhutten. If you have not cash sufficient, call upon Mr. Moore, the treasurer, with that order of the Assembly, and desire him to pay you one hundred pounds of it. If he has not cash on hand, Mr. Norris — to whom my respects — will advance it for him. We shall have with us about one hundred and thirty men, and shall endeavor to act cautiously, so as to give the enemy no advantage through our negligence. Make yourself therefore easy.

Give my hearty love to all friends. I hope in a fortnight or three weeks, God willing, to see the intended line of forts finished, and then I shall make a trip to Philadelphia, and send away the lottery tickets, and pay off the prizes, though you may pay such as come to hand of those sold in Philadelphia of my signing. They were but few, the most being sold abroad ; and those that sold them and received the money will pay off the prizes. I hope you have paid Mrs. Stephens for the bills.

I am, my dear child,

Your loving husband,

B. FRANKLIN.

XIV

Horace Walpole to George Montagu

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 12, 1760.

In what part of the island you are just now I don't know — flying about somewhere or other, I suppose. Well, it is charming to be so young ! Here am I lying upon a couch, wrapped up in flannels, with the gout in both feet — O, yes, gout in all the forms ! Six years ago I had it, and nobody would

believe me ; now they may have proof. My legs are as big as your cousin Guilford's, and they don't use to be quite so large. I was seized yesterday sennight ; have had little pain in the day, but most uncomfortable nights ; however, I move about again a little with a stick. If either my father or mother had had it, I should not dislike it so much. I am herald enough to approve it if descended genealogically ; but it is an absolute upstart in me, and, what is more provoking, I had trusted to my great abstinence for keeping me from it. But thus it is : if I had any gentlemanlike virtue, as patriotism or loyalty, I might have got something by them ; I had nothing but that beggarly virtue temperance, and she had not interest enough to keep me from a fit of the gout. Another plague is that everybody that ever knew anybody that had it is so good as to come with advice and direct me how to manage it—that is, how to contrive to have it for a great many years. I am very refractory : I say to the gout, as great personages do to the executioners, ‘Friend, do your work as quick as you can.’ They tell me of wine to keep it out of my stomach ; but I will starve temperance itself, I will be virtuous indeed—that is, I will stick to virtue, though I find it is not its own reward.

This confinement has kept me from Yorkshire ; I hope, however, to be at Ragley by the 20th, from whence I shall still go to Lord Strafford's—and by this delay you may possibly be at Greatworth by my return, which will be about the beginning of September. Write me a line as soon as you receive this ; direct it to Arlington Street ; it will be sent after me. Adieu.

P.S. My tower erects its battlements bravely ; my *Anecdotes of Painting* thrive exceedingly, thanks to the gout that has pinned me to my chair. Think of Ariel the sprite in a slit shoe !

XV

Thomas Gray to William Mason

DEAR MASON :

Pembroke Hall, December 8, 1761.

Of all loves come to Cambridge out of hand, for here is Mr. Delaval and a charming set of glasses¹ that sing like nightingales ; and we have concerts every other night, and shall stay here this month or two ; and a vast deal of good company, and a whale in pickle just come from Ipswich ; and the man will not die, and Mr. Wood is gone to Chatsworth ; and there is nobody but you and Tom and the curled dog ; and do not talk of the charge, for we will make a subscription ; besides, we know you always come when you have a mind.

T. G.

XVI

Horace Walpole to the Earl of Strafford

MY DEAR LORD :

Strawberry Hill, Aug. 10, 1763.

I have waited in hopes that the world would do something worth telling you ; it will not, and I cannot stay any longer without asking you how you do, and hoping you have not quite forgot me. It has rained such deluges that I had some thoughts of turning my gallery into an ark, and began to pack up a pair of bantams, a pair of cats — in short, a pair of every living creature about my house ; but it is grown fine at last, and the workmen quit my gallery to-day without hoisting a sail in it. I know nothing upon earth but what the ancient ladies in my neighborhood knew threescore years ago ; I write merely to pay you my peppercorn of affection, and to inquire after my lady, who I hope is perfectly well. A longer letter

¹ All readers of the *Vicar of Wakefield* will remember the musical glasses.—EDS.

would not have half the merit ; a line in return will however repay all the merit I can possibly have to one to whom I am so much obliged.

XVII

Horace Walpole to George Montagu

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1764.

As I have not read in the paper that you died lately at Greatworth, in Northamptonshire, nor have met with any Montagu or Trevor in mourning, I conclude you are living ; I send this, however, to inquire, and if you should happen to be departed, hope your executor will be so kind as to burn it. Though you do not seem to have the same curiosity about my existence, you may gather from my handwriting that I am still in being ; which being perhaps full as much as you want to know of me, I will trouble you with no farther¹ particulars about myself — nay, nor about anybody else ; your curiosity seeming to be pretty much the same about all the world. News there are certainly none ; nobody is even dead, as the Bishop of Carlisle [Lyttelton] told me to-day — which I repeat to you in general ; though I apprehend in his own mind he meant no possessor of a better bishopric.

If you like to know the state of the town, here it is. In the first place, it is very empty ; in the next, there are more diversions than the week will hold. A charming Italian opera, with no dances and no company, at least on Tuesdays ; to supply which defect the subscribers are to have a ball and a supper — a plan that in my humble opinion will fill the Tuesdays and empty the Saturdays. At both playhouses are woful English operas, which, however, fill better than the Italian, patriotism being entirely confined to our ears ; how long

¹ So in the original.—EDS.

the sages of the law may leave us those I cannot say. Mrs. Cornelis, apprehending the future assembly at Almack's, has enlarged her vast room and hung it with blue satin, and another with yellow satin ; but Almack's room, which is to be ninety feet long, proposes to swallow up both hers as easily as Moses' rod gobbled down those of the magicians. Well, but there are more joys — a dinner and assembly every Tuesday at the Austrian minister's ; ditto on Thursdays at the Spaniard's ; ditto on Wednesdays and Sundays at the French ambassador's ; besides Madame de Welderen's on Wednesdays, Lady Harrington's Sundays, and occasional private mobs at my Lady Northumberland's. Then for the mornings, there are levees and drawing-rooms without end, not to mention the Maccaroni Club, which has quite absorbed Arthur's, for you know old fools will hobble after young ones. Of all these pleasures, I prescribe myself a very small pittance — my dark corner in my own box at the opera, and now and then an ambassador to keep my French going till my journey to Paris. . . .

Tell me whether I am likely to see you before I go to Paris, which will be early in February. I hate you for being so indifferent about me. I live in the world, and yet love nothing, care a straw for nothing, but two or three old friends that I have loved these thirty years. You have buried yourself with half-a-dozen parsons and squires, and yet never cast a thought upon those you have always lived with. You come to town for two months, grow tired in six weeks, hurry away, and then one hears no more of you till next winter. I don't want you to like the world, I like it no more than you ; but I stay a while in it, because while one sees it one laughs at it, but when one gives it up one grows angry with it — and I hold it much wiser to laugh than to be out of humor. You cannot imagine how much ill blood this perseverance has cured me of ; I used to say to myself, 'Lord ! this person is so bad, that person is

so bad, I hate them.' I have now found out that they are all pretty much alike, and I hate nobody. Having never found you out but for integrity and sincerity, I am much disposed to persist in a friendship with you; but if I am to be at all the pains of keeping it up, I shall imitate my neighbors (I don't mean those at next door, but in the Scripture sense of neighbor — anybody), and say, 'That is a very good man, but I don't care a farthing for him.' Till I have taken my final resolution on that head, I am

Yours most cordially.

XVIII

Thomas Gray to William Mason

March 28, 1767.

I break in upon you at a moment when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet past, you will neglect and pardon me; but if the last struggle be over, if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness or to her own sufferings, allow me — at least in idea, for what could I do, were I present, more than this? — to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart not her who is at rest, but you who lose her. May He who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you! Adieu.

I have long understood how little you had to hope.

XIX

Benjamin Franklin to Mr. Strahan

MR. STRAHAN :

Philadelphia, 5 July, 1775.

You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands ; they are stained with the blood of your relations !

You and I were long friends ; you are now my enemy, and I am

Yours,

B. FRANKLIN.

XX

Samuel Johnson to Mrs. Boswell

MADAM :

July 22, 1777.

Though I am well enough pleased with the taste of sweetmeats, very little of the pleasure which I received at the arrival of your jar of marmalade arose from eating it. I received it as a token of friendship, as a proof of reconciliation, things much sweeter than sweetmeats, and upon this consideration I return you, dear madam, my sincerest thanks. By having your kindness I think I have a double security for the continuance of Mr. Boswell's, which it is not to be expected that any man can long keep, when the influence of a lady so highly and so justly valued operates against him. Mr. Boswell will tell you that I was always faithful to your interest, and always endeavored to exalt you in his estimation. You must now do the same for me. We must all help one another, and you must now consider me as, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and most humble servant.

XXI

Benjamin Franklin to George Washington

SIR :

Passy, 5 March, 1780.

I have received but lately the letter Your Excellency did me the honor of writing to me in recommendation of the Marquis de Lafayette. His modesty detained it long in his own hands. We became acquainted, however, from the time of his arrival at Paris; and his zeal for the honor of our country, his activity in our affairs here, and his firm attachment to our cause and to you, impressed me with the same regard and esteem for him that Your Excellency's letter would have done, had it been immediately delivered to me.

Should peace arrive after another campaign or two, and afford us a little leisure, I should be happy to see Your Excellency in Europe, and to accompany you, if my age and strength would permit, in visiting some of its ancient and most famous kingdoms. You would, on this side of the sea, enjoy the great reputation you have acquired, pure and free from those little shades that the jealousy and envy of a man's countrymen and contemporaries are ever endeavoring to cast over living merit. Here you would know and enjoy what posterity will say of Washington, for a thousand leagues have nearly the same effect with a thousand years. The feeble voice of those groveling passions cannot extend so far either in time or distance.

At present I enjoy that pleasure for you, as I frequently hear old generals of this martial country, who study the maps of America, and mark upon them all your operations, speak with sincere approbation and great applause of your conduct, and join in giving you the character of one of the greatest captains of the age. I must soon quit this scene, but you may live to see our country flourish, as it will amazingly and rapidly after the war is over; like a field of young Indian corn, which

long fair weather and sunshine had enfeebled and discolored, and which in that weak state, by a thunder-gust of violent wind, hail, and rain, seemed to be threatened with absolute destruction ; yet the storm being past, it recovers fresh verdure, shoots up with double vigor, and delights the eye, not of its owner only, but of every observing traveler.

The best wishes that can be formed for your health, honor, and happiness, ever attend you from

Yours, etc.,

B. FRANKLIN.

XXII

William Cowper to Mrs. Cowper

MY DEAR COUSIN :

May 10, 1780.

I do not write to comfort you : that office is not likely to be well performed by one who has no comfort for himself ; nor to comply with an impertinent ceremony, which in general might well be spared on such occasions ; but because I would not seem indifferent to the concerns of those I have so much reason to esteem and love. If I did not sorrow for your brother's death, I should expect that nobody would for mine ; when I knew him, he was much beloved, and I doubt not continued to be so. To live and die together is the lot of a few happy families who hardly know what a separation means, and one sepulchre serves them all ; but the ashes of our kindred are dispersed indeed. Whether the American gulf has swallowed up any other of my relations, I know not ; it has made many mourners.

Believe me, my dear cousin, though after a long silence, which perhaps nothing less than the present concern could have prevailed with me to interrupt, as much as ever

Your affectionate kinsman.

XXIII

William Cowper to William Unwin

MY DEAR FRIEND :

It is hard upon us striplings who have uncles still living (N.B. I myself have an uncle still alive) that those venerable gentlemen should stand in our way, even when the ladies are in question ; that I, for instance, should find in one page of your letter a hope that Miss Shuttleworth would be of your party, and be told in your next that she is engaged to your uncle. Well, we may perhaps never be uncles, but we may reasonably hope that the time is coming when others, as young as we are now, shall envy us the privileges of old age, and see us engross that share in the attention of the ladies to which their youth must aspire in vain. Make our compliments, if you please, to your sister Eliza, and tell her that we are both mortified at having missed the pleasure of seeing her.

Balloons are so much the mode that, even in this country, we have attempted a balloon. You may possibly remember that at a place called Weston, a little more than a mile from Olney, there lives a family whose name is Throckmorton. The present possessor is a young man whom I remember a boy. He has a wife, who is young, genteel, and handsome. They are Papists, but much more amiable than many Protestants. We never had any intercourse with the family, though ever since we lived here we have enjoyed the range of their pleasure-grounds, having been favored with a key which admits us into all. When this man succeeded to the estate on the death of his elder brother, and came to settle at Weston, I sent him a complimentary card, requesting the continuance of that privilege, having till then enjoyed it by favor of his mother, who on that occasion went to finish her days at Bath. You may conclude that he granted it, and for about two years nothing

more passed between us. A fortnight ago I received an invitation in the civilest terms, in which he told me that the next day he should attempt to fill a balloon, and if it would be any pleasure to me to be present, should be happy to see me. Your mother and I went. The whole country were there, but the balloon could not be filled. The endeavor was, I believe, very philosophically made, but such a process depends for its success upon such niceties as make it very precarious. Our reception was however flattering to a degree, insomuch that more notice seemed to be taken of us than we could possibly have expected, indeed rather more than any¹ of his other guests. They even seemed anxious to recommend themselves to our regards. We drank chocolate, and were asked to dine, but were engaged.

A day or two afterwards Mrs. Unwin and I walked that way, and were overtaken in a shower. I found a tree that I thought would shelter us both, a large elm, in a grove that fronts the mansion. Mrs. T. observed us, and running towards us in the rain, insisted on our walking in. He was gone out. We sat chatting with her till the weather cleared up, and then at her instance took a walk with her in the garden. The garden is almost their only walk, and is certainly the only retreat in which they are not liable to interruption. She offered us a key of it in a manner that made it impossible not to accept it, and said she would send us one.

A few days afterwards, in the cool of the evening, we walked that way again. We saw them going toward the house, and exchanged bows and curtsies at a distance, but did not join them. In a few minutes, when we had passed the house, and had almost reached the gate that opens out of the park into the adjoining field, I heard the iron gate belonging to the court-yard ring, and saw Mr. T. advancing hastily toward us; we

¹ So in the original.—EDS.

made equal haste to meet him ; he presented to us the key, which I told him I esteemed a singular favor, and, after a few such speeches as are made on such occasions, we parted. This happened about a week ago. I concluded nothing less than that all this civility and attention was designed on their part as a prelude to a nearer acquaintance ; but here at present the matter rests. I should like exceedingly to be on an easy footing there, to give a morning call now and then, and to receive one, but nothing more. For though he is one of the most agreeable men I ever saw, I could not wish to visit him in any other way ; neither our house, furniture, servants, or income being such as qualify us to make entertainments ; neither would I on any account be introduced to the neighboring gentry. Mr. T. is altogether a man of fashion, and respectable on every account.

I have told you a long story. Farewell. We number the days as they pass, and are glad that we shall see you and your sister soon.

XXIV

William Cowper to Joseph Hill

Oct. 20, 1783.

I should not have been thus long silent had I known with certainty where a letter of mine might find you. Your summer excursions, however, are now at an end, and addressing a line to you in the centre of the busy scene in which you spend your winter, I am pretty sure of my mark.

I see the winter approaching without much concern, though a passionate lover of fine weather and the pleasant scenes of summer ; but the long evenings have their comforts too, and there is hardly to be found upon earth, I suppose, so snug a creature as an Englishman by his fireside in the winter — I

mean, however, an Englishman that lives in the country, for in London it is not very easy to avoid intrusion. I have two ladies to read to, sometimes more, but never less; at present we are circumnavigating the globe, and I find the old story with which I amused myself some years since, through the great felicity of a memory not very retentive, almost new. I am however sadly at a loss for Cook's voyage; can you send it? I shall be glad of Foster's too. These together will make the winter pass merrily, and you will much oblige me.

XXV

William Cowper to John Newton

MY DEAR FRIEND :

Aug. 16, 1784.

Had you not expressed a desire to hear from me before you take leave of Lymington, I certainly should not have answered you so soon. Knowing the place, and the amusements it affords, I should have had more modesty than to suppose myself capable of adding anything to your present entertainments worthy to rank with them. I am not, however, totally destitute of such pleasures as an inland country may pretend to. If my windows do not command a view of the ocean, at least they look out upon a profusion of mignonette, which, if it be not so grand an object, is, however, quite as fragrant; and if I have not a hermit in a grotto, I have nevertheless myself in a greenhouse, a less venerable figure perhaps, but not at all less animated than he. Nor are we in this nook altogether unfurnished with such means of philosophical experiment and speculation as at present the world rings with; on Thursday morning last we sent up a balloon from Emberton meadow. Thrice it rose, and as oft descended, and in the evening it performed another flight at Newport,

where it went up, and came down no more. Like the arrow discharged at the pigeon in the Trojan games, it kindled in the air, and was consumed in a moment. I have not heard what interpretation the soothsayers have given to the omen, but shall wonder a little if the Newton shepherd prognosticate anything less from it than the most bloody war that was ever waged in Europe.

I am reading Cook's last voyage, and am much pleased and amused with it. It seems that in some of the Friendly Isles they excel so much in dancing, and perform that operation with such exquisite delicacy and grace, that they are not surpassed even upon our European stages. O that Vestris had been in the ship, that he might have seen himself outdone by a savage ! The paper indeed tells us that the queen of France has clapped this king of capers up in prison for declining to dance before her, on a pretense of sickness, when in fact he was in perfect health. If this be true, perhaps he may by this time be prepared to second such a wish as mine, and to think that the durance he suffers would be well exchanged for a dance at Annamooka. I should, however, as little have expected to hear that these islanders had such consummate skill in an art that requires so much taste in the conduct of the person as that they were good mathematicians and astronomers. Defective as they are in every branch of knowledge and in every other species of refinement, it seems wonderful that they should arrive at such perfection in the dance, which some of our English gentlemen, with all the assistance of French instruction, find it impossible to learn. We must conclude, therefore, that particular nations have a genius for particular feats, and that our neighbors in France, and our friends in the South Sea, have minds very nearly akin, though they inhabit countries so very remote from each other.

Mrs. Unwin remembers to have been in company with Mr. Gilpin at her brother's. She thought him very sensible and polite, and consequently very agreeable.

We are truly glad that Mrs. Newton and yourself are so well, and that there is reason to hope that Eliza is better. You will learn from this letter that we are so, and that, for my own part, I am not quite so low in spirits as at some times. Learn too, what you knew before, that we love you all, and that I am your affectionate friend.

XXVI

Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann

Strawberry Hill, Sept. 30, 1784.

. . . I shall now be expecting your nephew soon, and I trust with a perfectly good account of you. The next time he visits you I may be able to send you a description of my *Galleria*—I have long been preparing it, and it is almost finished—with some prints, which, however, I doubt, will convey no very adequate idea of it. In the first place, they are but moderately executed; I could not afford to pay our principal engravers, whose prices are equal to, nay, far above, those of former capital painters. In the next, as there is a solemnity in the house of which the cuts will give you an idea, they cannot add the gay variety of the scene without, which is very different from every side, and almost from every chamber, and makes a most agreeable contrast; the house being placed almost in an elbow of the Thames, which surrounds half, and consequently beautifies three of the aspects. Then my little hill—and diminutive enough it is—gazes up to royal Richmond; and Twickenham on the left, and Kingston Wick on the right, are seen across bends of the river, which on each hand appears like a Lilliputian seaport. Swans, cows, sheep,

coaches, post-chaises, carts, horsemen, and foot-passengers are continually in view. The fourth scene is a large common-field, a constant prospect of harvest and its stages, traversed under my windows by the great road to Hampton Court—in short, an animated view of the country. These moving pictures compensate the conventional gloom of the inside, which, however, when the sun shines, is gorgeous, as he appears all crimson and gold and azure through the painted glass. Now, to be quite fair, you must turn the perspective, and look at this vision through the diminishing end of the telescope; for nothing is so small as the whole, and even Mount Richmond would not reach up to Fiesole's shoe-buckle. If your nephew is still with you, he will confirm the truth of all the pomp and all the humility of my description. I grieve that you would never come and cast an eye on it! But are even our visions pure from alloy? Does not some drawback always hang over them? and, being visions, how rapidly must not they fleet away! Yes, yes; our smiles and our tears are almost as transient as the lustre of the morning and the shadows of the evening, and almost as frequently interchanged. Our passions form airy balloons; we know not how to direct them; and the very inflammable matter that transports them often makes the bubble burst. Adieu!

XXVII

William Cowper to Lady Hesketh

MY DEAREST COUSIN :

Olney, Feb. 9, 1786.

I have been impatient to tell you that I am impatient to see you again. Mrs. Unwin partakes with me in all my feelings upon this subject, and longs also to see you. I should have told you so by the last post, but have been so completely occupied by this tormenting specimen that it was impossible

to do it. I sent the General a letter on Monday that would distress and alarm him ; I sent him another yesterday that will, I hope, quiet him again. Johnson has apologized very civilly for the multitude of his friend's strictures ; and his friend has promised to confine himself in future to a comparison of me with the original, so that I doubt not we shall jog on merrily together. And now, my dear, let me tell you once more that your kindness in promising us a visit has charmed us both. I shall see you again. I shall hear your voice. We shall take walks together. I will show you my prospects, the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse and its banks, everything that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and feel a part of it at this moment. Talk not of an inn ! Mention it not for your life ! We have never had so many visitors but we could easily accommodate them all, though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son, all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May or beginning of June, because before that time my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats ; and there you shall sit with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine ; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day. Sooner than the time I mention, the country will not be in complete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. Imprimis, as soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares, and in which lodges Puss at present. But he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the right hand stands a cupboard, the work of the same author ;

it was once a dove-cage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table which I also made; but a merciless servant having scrubbed it until it became paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament, and all my clean shoes stand under it. On the left hand, at the farther end of this superb vestibule, you will find the door of the parlor, into which I will conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs. Unwin, unless we should meet her before, and where we will be as happy as the day is long. Order yourself, my cousin, to the Swan at Newport, and there you shall find me ready to conduct you to Olney.

My dear, I have told Homer what you say about casks and urns, and have asked him whether he is sure that it is a cask in which Jupiter keeps his wine. He swears that it is a cask, and that it will never be anything better than a cask to eternity. So if the god is content with it, we must even wonder at his taste, and be so too.

Adieu, my dearest, dearest cousin !

XXVIII

William Cowper to Lady Hesketh

Weston Lodge, Nov. 26, 1786.

It is my birthday, my beloved cousin, and I determine to employ a part of it, that it may not be destitute of festivity, in writing to you. The dark, thick fog that has obscured it would have been a burden to me at Olney, but here I have hardly attended to it. The neatness and snugness of our abode compensates all the dreariness of the season ; and whether the ways are wet or dry, our house at least is always warm and commodious. O for you, my cousin, to partake these comforts with us ! I will not begin already to tease you upon that

subject, but Mrs. Unwin remembers to have heard from your own lips that you hate London in the spring. Perhaps, therefore, by that time you may be glad to escape from a scene which will be every day growing more disagreeable, that you may enjoy the comforts of the lodge. You well know that the best house has a desolate appearance unfurnished. This house, accordingly, since it has been occupied by us and our *meubles*, is as much superior to what it was when you saw it as you can imagine. The parlor is even elegant. When I say that the parlor is elegant, I do not mean to insinuate that the study is not so. It is neat, warm, and silent, and a much better study than I deserve if I do not produce in it an incomparable translation of Homer. I think every day of those lines of Milton, and congratulate myself on having obtained, before I am quite superannuated, what he seems not to have hoped for sooner :

And may at length my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage !

For if it is not a hermitage, at least it is a much better thing ; and you must always understand, my dear, that when poets talk of cottages, hermitages, and such like things, they mean a house with six sashes in front, two comfortable parlors, a smart staircase, and three bedchambers of convenient dimensions — in short, exactly such a house as this.

The Throckmortons continue the most obliging neighbors in the world. One morning last week they both went with me to the cliffs—a scene, my dear, in which you would delight beyond measure, but which you cannot visit except in the spring or autumn. The heat of summer, and clinging dirt of winter, would destroy you. What is called the cliff is no cliff, nor at all like one, but a beautiful terrace, sloping gently down to the Ouse, and from the brow of which, though not lofty, you have a view of such a valley as makes that which you see

from the hills near Olney, and which I have had the honor to celebrate, an affair of no consideration.

Wintry as the weather is, do not suspect that it confines me. I ramble daily, and every day change my ramble. Wherever I go I find short grass under my feet, and when I have traveled perhaps five miles, come home with shoes not at all too dirty for a drawing-room. I was pacing yesterday under the elms that surround the field in which stands the great alcove, when, lifting my eyes, I saw two black genteel figures bolt through a hedge into the path where I was walking. You guess already who they were, and that they could be nobody but our neighbors. They had seen me from a hill at a distance, and had traversed a great turnip-field to get at me. You see, therefore, my dear, that I am in some request — alas ! in too much request with some people. The verses of Cadwallader have found me at last.

I am charmed with your account of our little cousin at Kensington. If the world does not spoil him hereafter, he will be a valuable man. Good night, and may God bless thee !

XXIX

George Washington to Dr. John Cochran

DEAR DOCTOR :

I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow ; but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare ? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise that my table is large enough to hold the ladies ; of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered is more essential, and this shall be the purport of my letter. Since our arrival at this happy spot we have had a

ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table ; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot, and a dish of beans or greens, almost imperceptible, the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beefsteak pies or dishes of crabs in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space, and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which, without them, would be about twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover that apples will make pies ; and it is a question if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples instead of having both of beefsteaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin, but now iron — not become so by the labor of scouring — I shall be happy to see them.¹

XXX

Horatio Nelson to Mrs. Nelson

Off Leghorn, August 18, 1794.

I left Calvi on the 15th, and hope never to be in it again. I was yesterday in St. Fiorenzo, and to-day shall be safe moored, I expect, in Leghorn ; since the ship has been commissioned this will be the first resting-time we have had. As it is all past, I may now tell you that on the 10th of July, a shot having hit our battery, the splinters and stones from it struck me with great violence in the face and breast. Although the blow was so severe as to occasion a great flow of blood from my head, yet I most fortunately escaped, having only my right eye nearly deprived of its sight ; it was cut down, but is so far

¹ Irving states that this is almost the only instance of sportive writing in Washington's correspondence.—EDS.

recovered as for me to be able to distinguish light from darkness. As to all the purposes of use, it is gone; however, the blemish is nothing, not to be perceived unless told. The pupil is nearly the size of the blue part, I don't know the name. At Bastia I got a sharp cut in the back. You must not think that my hurts confined me; no, nothing but the loss of a limb would have kept me from my duty, and I believe my exertions conduced to preserve me in this general mortality. I am fearful that Mrs. Moutray's son, who was on shore with us, will fall a sacrifice to the climate; he is a lieutenant of the *Victory*, a very fine young man, for whom I have a great regard; Lord Hood is quite distressed about him. Poor little Hoste is also extremely ill, and I have great fears about him. One hundred and fifty of my people are in their beds; of two thousand men I am the most healthy. Josiah is very well, and a clever smart young man, for so I must call him; his sense demands it.

Yours, etc.,

HORATIO NELSON.

XXXI

Robert Southey to C. W. W. Wynn

MY DEAR WYNN:

Bristol, May 5, 1798.

. . . You have seen my brother in the Gazette, I suppose — mentioned honorably, and in the wounded list. His wounds are slight, but his escape has been wonderful. The boatswain came to know if they should board the enemy forward, and was told 'By all means.' Tom took a pike and ran forward. He found them in great confusion, and, as he thought, only wanting a leader; he asked if they would follow him, and one poor fellow answered 'Ay.' On this Tom got into the French ship, followed, as he thought, by the rest, but, in fact, only by this man. Just as he had made good his footing, he received

two thrusts with a pike in his right thigh, and fell. They made a third thrust as he fell, which glanced from his shoulder-blade, and took a small piece of flesh out of his back. He fell between the two ships, and this saved his life, for he caught a rope and regained the deck of the *Mars*. . . . I do not know whether it would be prudent in Tom to accompany Lord Proby to Lisbon, as Lord Bridport has sent him word that he would not forget him when he has served his time, and offered him a berth on board his own ship. He will use his own judgment, and probably, I think, follow the fortunes of Butterfield, the first lieutenant. When I saw him so noticed by Butterfield, I felt, as he says of himself during the engagement, ‘something that I never felt before.’ I felt more proud of my brother when he received ten pounds prize-money, and sent his mother half; and yet it gave me something like exultation that he would now be respected by his acquaintance, though not for his best virtues. He is an excellent young man, and, moreover, a good seaman. God bless him, and you also.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

XXXII

Charles Lamb to Robert Southey

November 28, 1798.

. . . My tailor has brought me home a new coat, lapelled, with a velvet collar. He assures me everybody wears velvet collars now. Some are born fashionable, some achieve fashion, and others, like your humble servant, have fashion thrust upon them. The rogue has been making inroads hitherto by modest degrees, foisting upon me an additional button, recommending gaiters, but to come upon me thus in a full tide of luxury neither becomes him as a tailor nor the ninth of a man. My

meek gentleman was robbed the other day, coming with his wife and family in a one-horse shay from Hampstead ; the villains rifled him of four guineas, some shillings and halfpence, and a bundle of customers' measures, which they swore were bank notes. They did not shoot him, and when they rode off, he addressed them with profound gratitude, making a *congé*¹ : ‘ Gentlemen, I wish you good night, and we are very much obliged to you that you have not used us ill ! ’ And this is the cuckoo that has had the audacity to foist upon me ten buttons on a side, and a black velvet collar — a cursed ninth of a scoundrel !

When you write to Lloyd, he wishes his Jacobin correspondents to address him as *Mr. C. L.* Love and respects to Edith. I hope she is well.

Yours sincerely,

C. LAMB.

XXXIII

Charles Lamb to William Wordsworth

January 30, 1801.

I ought before this to have replied to your very kind invitation into Cumberland. With you and your sister I could gang anywhere ; but I am afraid whether I shall ever be able to afford so desperate a journey. Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street, the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses ; all

¹ Bow.—EDS.

the bustle and wickedness round Covent Garden ; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles ; life awake, if you are awake, at all hours of the night ; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street ; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements, the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes — London itself a pantomime and a masquerade — all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you ; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes ?

My attachments are all local, purely local ; I have no passion — or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books — to groves and valleys. The rooms where I was born ; the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life ; a bookcase which has followed me about like a faithful dog — only exceeding him in knowledge — wherever I have moved ; old chairs ; old tables ; streets, squares, where I have sunned myself ; my old school — these are my mistresses ; have I not enough without your mountains ? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends of anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind ; and, at last, like the pictures of the apartment of the connoisseur,

unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confinedly called ; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men and assemblies of men in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna.

Give my kindest love, and my sister's, to D. and yourself, and a kiss from me to little Barbara Lewthwaite. Thank you for liking my play.

C. L.

XXXIV

Reginald Heber to his Mother

MY DEAR MOTHER :

Moscow, Jan. 4, 1806.

Our journey has been prosperous, and, after about ninety hours' continued jolting, we arrived safely at Moscow about eight o'clock last night. Mr. Bayley came with us, and we have found his knowledge of the Russian language and manners of great service to us on the road. Our method of travelling deserves describing, both as being comfortable in itself and as being entirely different, too, from anything in England. We performed the journey in kibitkas, the carriages usually employed by the Russians in their winter journeys : they are nothing more than a very large cradle, well covered with leather and placed on a sledge, with a leathern curtain in front ; the luggage is packed at the bottom, the portmanteaus serving for an occasional seat, and the whole covered with a mattress on which one or more persons can lie at full length, or sit supported by pillows. In this attitude, and well wrapped up in furs, one can scarcely conceive a more luxurious mode of getting over a country when the roads are good and the weather not intense ; but in twenty-four or twenty-five degrees of frost, Reaumur, no wrapping can keep you quite warm, and

in bad roads, of which we have had some little experience, the jolting is only equaled by the motion of a ship in a storm.

In the weather we are very fortunate, having a fine clear frost, about as mild as an English Christmas. Our first forty hours were spent in traversing an unfertile and unlovely country, the most flat and uninteresting I ever saw, with nothing but occasional patches of cultivation, and formal fir-woods, without a single feature of art or nature which could attract attention. Once, indeed, from a little elevation, we saw the sun set to great advantage; it was singular to see it slowly sinking beneath the black and perfectly level horizon of the sea of land which surrounded us. The night which followed was distinguished by more jolting than usual; and about sunrise Thornton drew the curtain, and cried out, ‘England!’ I started up, and found we were on the summit of a low range of stony hills, with an enclosed and populous country before us, and a large town, Valdai, which, with its neighborhood, had some little resemblance to Oxford as seen from the Banbury road. This is, in fact, the boundary of Ancient Russia; all beyond are the territories of Novogorod, Istria, and other countries they have conquered. The whole plain from Valdai to Moscow is very level, entirely arable, generally common fields, with some shabby enclosures, thickly set with villages and small coppices, in which the firs begin to be relieved by birch, lime, ash, and elm. Tver and Torshok are large towns, but have nothing in them to detain a traveler.

During this journey I was struck by observing the very little depth of snow on the ground, which was not more, nor so much as we often see in England, and nowhere prevented my distinguishing the meadows from the stubble-fields. Mr. Bayley said he had often made the same observation, and that it was not peculiar to the present year. We had our guns with us; and

often left the kibitka in pursuit of the large black grouse, of which we saw several—a noble bird, as large as a turkey. They were, however, so wild we could not get a fair shot. We had some hopes of killing a wolf, as one or two passed the road during the first part of our journey; but it was during the night, and before we were fairly roused and could get our guns ready, they were safe in the wood. In severe winters they are sometimes easily shot, as they keep close to the roadside, and, when very much famished, will even attack the horses in a carriage; they are not considered dangerous to men, except in self-defense.

Of the people we of course saw but little; though, having so good an interpreter with us, we asked many questions, and went to several of the cottages, which we found much cleaner than we expected, but so hot that we could not endure to remain in them long. A Russian cottage is always built of logs, cemented with clay and moss, and is generally larger than an English one; it has two stories, one of which is half sunk, and serves as a storehouse; two thirds of the upper story is taken up with the principal room, where they sit and sleep; and the remainder is divided between a closet, where they cook their victuals, and an immense stove, not unlike an oven, which heats the whole building, and the top of which—for the chimney is only a small flue on the side—serves as a favorite sitting- and sleeping-place, though we could scarcely bear to lay our hands on it. In the corner of the great room always stands the bed of the master and mistress of the family, generally very neat, and with curtains, sometimes of English cotton; the other branches of the family sleep on the stove or the floor. In the post-houses, which differ in no respect from this description, we always found good coffee, tea, and cream. Nothing else can be expected, and we carried our other provisions with us.

The country-people are all alike — dirty, good-humored fellows, in sheepskin gowns, with the wool inwards. The drivers crossed themselves devoutly before beginning each stage, and sung the whole way, or else talked to their horses. A Russian seldom beats his horse, but argues with him first, and at last goes no farther than to abuse him, and call him wolf or Jew, which last is the lowest pitch of their contemptuous expressions. Their horses are much larger and better fed than the Swedish, and, when talked to *secundum artem*, trot very fast. Nothing on our journey surprised us so much as the crowds of single-horse sledges, carrying provisions to Petersburg ; it would not be exaggerating to say that we passed, in twenty-four hours, about a thousand. Every article of necessary consumption must, indeed, be brought from a distance, as the neighborhood of Petersburg produces nothing to ‘make trade,’ very little to ‘make eat.’ When I have seen the fine fertile country, abounding in everything good and desirable, which Peter deserted for the bogs and inclement latitude of the Neva, I wonder more and more at the boldness and success of his project. It is as if the King of England should move his capital from London to Banff, and make a Windsor of Johnny Groat’s House.

We reached this vast overgrown village, for I can compare it to nothing else, in the moonlight, and consequently saw it to great advantage ; though, as we passed along its broad irregular streets, we could not but observe the strange mixture of cottages, gardens, stables, barracks, churches, and palaces. This morning we have been much delighted with a more accurate survey. Moscow is situated in a fine plain, with the river Moskva winding through it ; the town is a vast oval, covering about as much ground as London and Westminster. The original city is much smaller ; it forms one quarter of the town, under the name of Kataigorod, the city of Katyay ; it has preserved the name from the time of the conquest of

Russia by the Tartars, when they seized on the city, and made the Russians quit their houses, and build without its walls, what is now called Bielgorod, or White Town. Kataigorod is still surrounded by its old Tartar wall, with high brick towers of a most singular construction ; the gates are ornamented in the old Oriental style, and several of the older churches have been originally mosques. But it is in the Kremlin, or palace quarter, that the principal vestiges of the Khans are displayed ; their palace still exists entire, and is a most curious and interesting piece of antiquity. As I walked up its high staircase, and looked round on the terraces and towers, and the crescents yet remaining in their gilded spires, I could have fancied myself the hero of an Eastern tale, and expected, with some impatience, to see the talking bird, the singing water, or the black slave with his golden club. In this building, which is now called the treasury, are preserved the crowns of Kasan, Astracan, and Siberia, and of some other petty Asiatic kingdoms. The present imperial apartments are small and mean, and are separated from the Tartar palace by a little court. The first entrance to the Kremlin, after passing the great Saracenic gate, is excessively striking, and the view of the town and river would form a noble panorama. I was, indeed, so well satisfied with what I saw from the courtyard, which is very elevated, that I was not a little unwilling to do what is expected from all strangers — to clamber up the tower of St. Michael, to see a fine prospect turned into a map. The tower stands in the middle of the court ; half-way up is the gallery whence the ancient monarchs of Russia, down to the time of Peter the Great, used to harangue the assemblies of the people. Before it is a deep pit, containing the remains of the famous bell cast by the Empress Anne, and about three times the size of the great bell at Christ Church. It was originally suspended on a frame of wood, which was accidentally burnt

down, and the weight of the bell forced it, like the helmet of Otranto, through the pavement into a cellar. On each side of the Michael tower is a Christianized mosque, of most strange and barbarous architecture, in one of which the sovereigns of Russia are crowned, and in the other they are buried. The rest of the Kremlin is taken up by public offices, barracks, the archiepiscopal palace, and two or three convents. An immense ditch, with a Tartar wall, surrounds it; and it is approached by two gates, the principal of which a Russian never passes with his hat on. . . . The houses, with the exception of some vast palaces belonging to the nobility, are meanness itself. The shops are truly Asiatic — dark, small, and huddled together in long vaulted bazaars—and the streets ill-paved and -lighted.

January 10. Of the society we have seen too little to form any judgment. We have called on the governor, and some other persons to whom we had letters of introduction, and have been civilly received. We have also been at two private concerts, at one of which we met Madame Mara, who is now here with Signor Florio, and who sung but very carelessly. Concerts are fashionable at Moscow; and cards, as may be expected in a society which, though they will not allow it, is certainly at present provincial, are much more common than at Petersburg. The society consists in a great measure, we are told, of families of the old nobility and superannuated courtiers, who live in prodigious state, and, from what we have seen, great and almost cumbersome hospitality. Some of their daughters seem tolerably accomplished, and very good-natured, unaffected girls; we have seen nothing remarkably beautiful, though the bloom and fresh complexions of Moscow are often envied by the Petersburg belles. We promise ourselves a great deal of amusement and instruction from the number of old officers and ministers who have figured in the revolution and the busy scenes of Catherine's time. This being Christmas

Day according to the Russian calendar, we are going to the grand gala dinner of the governor's. It is necessary for us to go in full uniform, which indeed we must frequently do, as 'the old courtiers of the queen, and the queen's old courtiers' are much more attentive to such distinctions than the circle we have left in Petersburg. The English nation is said to be in high favor here, and we were much gratified by the cordial manner in which many persons expressed themselves towards us. We have been rather fortunate in seeing a splendid Greek funeral, attended by a tribe of priests, deacons, and archimandrites, under the command of one archbishop and two subalterns. The archbishop was a Circassian, and one of the bishops a Georgian. The 'Divine Plato' is not now in Moscow. I am eagerly expecting news from you, which, with some regard to the news from Germany, must decide our future tour.

Believe me, dear Mother,

Yours affectionately,

REGINALD HEBER.

XXXV

Robert Southey to his Brother Thomas

MY DEAR TOM :

Monday, July 28, 1806.

For many days I have looked for a letter from you, the three lines announcing your arrival in England being all which have yet reached me. Yesterday the Dr. and I returned home after a five days' absence, and I was disappointed at finding no tidings of you. We were two days at Lloyd's, and have had three days' mountaineering — one on the way there, two on our return — through the wildest parts of this wild country, many times wishing you had been with us. One day we lost our way upon the mountains, got upon a summit where there

were precipices before us, and found a way down through a fissure like three sides of a chimney, where we could reach from side to side and help ourselves with our hands. This chimney-way was considerably higher than any house, and then we had an hour's descent afterward over loose stones. Yesterday we mounted Great Gabel — one of the highest mountains in the country — and had a magnificent view of the Isle of Man rising out of a sea of light, for the water lay like a sheet of silver. This was a digression from our straight road, and exceedingly fatiguing it was ; however, after we got down, we drank five quarts of milk between us, and got home as fresh as larks after a walk of eleven hours. You will find it harder service than walking the deck when you come here.

Our landlord, who lives in the house adjoining us, has a boat, which is as much at our service as if it were our own ; of this we have voted you commander-in-chief whenever you shall arrive. The lake is about four miles in length, and something between one and two in breadth. However tired you may be of the salt water, I do not think you will have the same objection to fresh when you see this beautiful basin, clear as crystal, and shut in by mountains on every side except one opening to the northwest. We are very frequently upon it, Harry and I being both tolerably good boatmen ; and sometimes we sit in state and the women row us — a way of manning a boat which will amuse you. The only family with which we are on familiar terms live during the summer and autumn on a little island here — one of the loveliest spots in this wide world. They have one long room, looking on the lake from three windows, affording the most beautiful views ; and in that room you may have as much music, dancing, shuttlecocking, etc., as your heart can desire. They generally embargo us on water expeditions. I know not whether you like dining under a tree as well as with the conveniences of chairs and table, and a roof

over your head — which I confess please me better than a seat upon any moss, however cushiony, and in any shade, however romantic ; if, however, you do, here are some delightful bays at the head of the lake, in any of which we may land ; and if you love fishing, you may catch perch enough on the way for the boat's company, and perhaps a jack or two into the bargain.

One main advantage which this country possesses over Wales is that there are no long tracks of desolation to cross between one beautiful spot and another. We are sixteen miles only from Winandermere, and three other lakes are on the way to it; sixteen only from Wastwater, as many from Ullswater, nine from Buttermere and Crummock. Lloyd expects you will give him a few days — a *few* they must be ; for though I shall be with you, we will not spare you long from home ; but his house stands delightfully, and puts a large part of the finest scenery within our reach. You will find him very friendly, and will like his wife much — she is a great favorite with me. The Bishop of Llandaff lives near them, to whom I have lately been introduced. God bless you !

R. S.

XXXVI

Lord Byron to Henry Drury

MY DEAR DRURY : Volage frigate, off Ushant, July 17, 1811.

After two years' absence (on the second) and some odd days, I am approaching your country. The day of our arrival you will see by the outside date of my letter. At present we are becalmed comfortably, close to Brest Harbor ; I have never been so near it since I left Duck Puddle. We left Malta thirty-four days ago, and have had a tedious passage of it. You will either see or hear from or of me soon after the receipt of this, as I pass through town to repair my irreparable

affairs ; and thence I want to go to Notts and raise rents, and to Lancs¹ and sell collieries, and back to London and pay debts, for it seems I shall neither have coals nor comfort till I go down to Rochdale in person.

I have brought home some marbles for Hobhouse ; for myself, four Athenian skulls, dug out of sarcophagi, a phial of Attic hemlock, four live tortoises, a greyhound (died on the passage), two live Greek servants — one an Athenian, t' other a Yaniote, who can speak nothing but Romaic and Italian — and myself, as Moses in the *Vicar of Wakefield* says slyly, and I may say it too, for I have as little cause to boast of my expedition as he had of his to the fair.

I wrote to you from the Cyanean Rocks to tell you I had swam [*sic*] from Sestos to Abydos — have you received my letter ? Hodgson, I suppose, is four deep by this time. What would he have given to have seen, like me, the real Parnassus, where I robbed the Bishop of Chrissæ of a book of geography ! — but this I only call plagiarism, as it was done within an hour's ride of Delphi.

Yours,

BYRON.

XXXVII

Jane Austen to her Sister

Godmersham Park, Thursday, [Sept. 23, 1813].

MY DEAREST CASSANDRA :

Thank you five hundred and forty times for the exquisite piece of workmanship which was brought into the room this morning while we were at breakfast, with some very inferior works of art in the same way, and which I read with high glee, much delighted with everything it told, whether good or bad. It is so rich in striking intelligence that I hardly know what to

¹ Lancashire.—EDS.

reply to first. I believe finery must have it. I am extremely glad you like the poplin. I thought it would have my mother's approbation, but was not so confident of yours. Remember that it is a present. Do not refuse me; I am very rich.

Mrs. Clement is very welcome to her little boy, and to my congratulations into the bargain, if ever you think of giving them. I hope she will do well. Her sister in Lucina, Mrs. H. Gipps, does too well, we think. Mary P. wrote on Sunday that she had been three days on the sofa. Sackree does not approve it.

Well, there is some comfort in the Mrs. Hulbart's not coming to you, and I am happy to hear of the honey. I was thinking of it the other day. Let me know when you begin the new tea and the new white wine. My present elegances have not made me indifferent to such matters. I am still a cat if I see a mouse.

I am glad you like our caps, but Fanny is out of conceit with hers already; she finds that she has been buying a new cap without having a new pattern, which is true enough. She is rather out of luck to like neither her gown nor her cap, but I do not much mind it, because, besides that I like them both myself, I consider it as a thing of course at her time of life — one of the sweet taxes of youth to choose in a hurry and make bad bargains.

I wrote to Charles yesterday, and Fanny has had a letter from him to-day, principally to make inquiries about the time of their visit here, to which mine was an answer beforehand; so he will probably write again soon to fix his week. I am best pleased that Cassy does not go to you.

Now what have we been doing since I wrote last? The Mr. K.'s [Knatchbulls] came a little before dinner on Monday, and Edward went to the church with the two seniors, but there is no inscription yet drawn up. They are very good-natured, you

know, and civil, and all that, but are not particularly superfine ; however, they ate their dinner and drank their tea, and went away, leaving their lovely Wadham in our arms, and I wish you had seen Fanny and me running backwards and forwards with his breeches from the little chintz to the white room before we went to bed, in the greatest of frights lest he should come upon us before we had done it all. There had been a mistake in the housemaids' preparation, and they were gone to bed. He seems a very harmless sort of young man, nothing to like or dislike in him — goes out shooting or hunting with the two others all the morning, and plays at whist and makes queer faces in the evening. . . .

Yours affectionately,

J. AUSTEN.

XXXVIII

Samuel Rogers to Thomas Moore

MY DEAR MOORE :

Venice, October 17, 1814.

Last night in my gondola I made a vow I would write you a letter if it was only to beg you would write to me at Rome. Like the great Marco Polo, however, whose tomb I saw to-day, I have a secret wish to astonish you with my travels, and would take you with me, as you would not go willingly, from London to Paris, and from Paris to the Lake of Geneva, and so on to this city of romantic adventure, the place from which he started. I set out in August last, with my sister and Mackintosh. He parted with us in Switzerland, since which time we have traveled on together, and happy should we have been could you and Psyche have made a quartet of it. I hope all her predictions have long ago been fulfilled to your mind, and that she, and you, and the *bambini*¹ are all as snug and as

¹ Italian for 'babies.'— EDS.

happy as you can wish to be. By the way, I forgot one of your family, who, I hope, is still under your roof. I mean one of nine sisters — the one I have more than once made love to. With another of them, too, all the world knows your good fortune. Apropos of love, and such things, is Lord Byron to be married to Miss Milbanke at last? I have heard it.

But to proceed to business: Chamouny, and the Mer de Glace, Voltaire's chamber at Ferney, Gibbon's terrace at Lausanne, Rousseau's Isle of St. Pierre, the Lake of Lucerne, and the little cantons, the passage over the Alps, the Lago Maggiore, Milan, Verona, Padua, Venice — what shall I begin with? but I believe I must refer you to my three quartos on the subject, whenever they choose to appear. The most wonderful thing we have seen is Bonaparte's road over the Alps — as smooth as that in Hyde Park, and not steeper than St. James Street.

We left Savoy at seven in the morning, and slept at Domo d'Ossola in Italy that night. For twenty miles we descended through a mountain pass, as rocky, and often narrower, than the narrowest part of Dovedale; the road being sometimes cut out of the mountain, and three times carried through it, leaving the torrent — and such a torrent! — to work its way by itself. The passages, or galleries, as I believe the French engineers call them, were so long as to require large openings here and there for light, and the roof was hung with icicles, which the carriage shattered as it passed along, and which fell to the ground with a shrill sound. We were eight hours in climbing to the top, and only three in descending. Our wheel was never locked, and our horses were almost always in a gallop.

But I must talk to you a little about Venice. I cannot tell you what I felt when the postillion turned gaily about, and, pointing with his whip, cried out, 'Venezia!' For there it

was, sure enough, with its long line of domes and turrets glittering in the sun. I walk about here all day long in a dream. ‘Is that the Rialto?’ I say to myself. ‘Is this St. Mark’s Place? Do I see the Adriatic?’ I think if you and I were together here, my dear Moore, we might manufacture something from the Ponte dei Sospiri, the Scala dei Giganti, the Piombi, the Pozzi, and the thousand ingredients of mystery and terror that are here at every turn.

Nothing can be more luxurious than a gondola and its little black cabin, in which you can fly about unseen, the gondoliers so silent all the while. They dip their oars as if they were afraid of disturbing you, yet you fly. As you are rowed through one of the narrow streets, often do you catch the notes of a guitar, accompanied by a female voice, through some open window; and at night on the Grand Canal, how amusing is it to observe the moving lights — every gondola has its light — one now and then shooting across at a little distance, and vanishing into a smaller canal. Oh, if you had any pursuit of love or pleasure, how nervous would they make you, not knowing their contents or their destination! and how infinitely more interesting, as more mysterious, their silence than the noise of carriage-wheels! Before the steps of the Opera House they are drawn up in array with their shining prows of white metal, waiting for the company. One man remains in your boat, while the other stands at the door of your *loge*.¹ When you come out he attends you down, and calling ‘Pietro!’ or ‘Giacomo!’ is answered from the water, and away you go. The gliding motion is delightful, and would calm you after any scene in a casino. The gondolas of the foreign ministers carry the national flag.

I think you would be pleased with an Italian theatre. It is lighted only from the stage, and the soft shadows that are

¹ Box.—Eds.

thrown over it produce a very visionary effect. Here and there the figures in a box are illuminated from within, and glimmering and partial lights are almost magical. Sometimes the curtains are drawn, and you may conceive what you please. This is indeed a fairyland, and Venice particularly so. If at Naples you see most with the eye, and at Rome with the memory, surely at Venice you see most with the imagination. But enough of Venice. To-morrow we bid adieu to it—most probably I shall never see it again. We shall pass through Ferrara to Bologna, then cross the Apennines to Florence, and so on to Rome, where I shall look for a line from you.

Pray, have you sermonized the discordant brothers? I hope you have, and not forgotten yourself on the occasion. When you write to Tunbridge, pray remember me. Tell Lady D. I passed the little Lake of Lowertz, and saw the melancholy effects of the downfall. It is now a scene of desolation, and the little town of Goldau is buried many fathoms deep. It is a sad story, and you shall have it when we meet. I received a very kind letter from her at Tunbridge, and mean to answer it. I hope to meet you in London-town when you visit it next; at least I shall endeavor to do so. My sister unites with me in kindest remembrance to Mrs. Moore; and pray, believe me to be

Yours ever,

S. R.

At Verona we were shown Juliet's tomb in a convent garden! In the evening we went to the play, but saw neither Mercutio nor 'the two Gentlemen' there.

XXXIX

Jane Austen to her Niece

MY DEAR ANNA :

Hans Place, Nov. 28, 1814.

I assure you we all came away very much pleased with our visit. We talked of you for about a mile and a half with great satisfaction ; and I have been just sending a very good report of you to Miss Benn, with a full account of your dress for Susan and Maria.

We were all at the play last night to see Miss O'Neil in *Isabella*. I do not think she was quite equal to my expectations ; I fancy I want something more than can be. I took two pocket-handkerchiefs, but had very little occasion for either. She is an elegant creature, however, and hugs Mr. Young delightfully.

I am going this morning to see the little girls in Keppel Street. Cassy was excessively interested about your marriage when she heard of it, which was not until she was to drink your health on the wedding-day. She asked a thousand questions in her usual manner — what he said to you, and what you said to him. If your uncle were at home, he would send his best love, but I will not impose any base fictitious remembrances on you ; mine I can honestly give, and remain

Your affectionate aunt,

J. AUSTEN.

XL

John Keats to his Sister Fanny

MY DEAR FANNY :

Wentworth Place, March 13, [1819].

I have been employed lately in writing to George ; I do not send him very short letters, but keep on day after day. There were some young men I think I told you of who were going

to the settlement ; they have changed their minds, and I am disappointed in my expectation of sending letters by them. I went lately to the only dance I have been to these twelve months, or shall go to for twelve months again. It was to our brother-in-law's cousin's ; she gave a dance for her birthday, and I went for the sake of Mrs. Wylie. I am waiting every day to hear from George. I trust there is no harm in the silence ; other people are in the same expectation as we are. On looking at your seal, I cannot tell whether it is done or not with a tassie — it seems to me to be paste. As I went through Leicester Square lately I was going to call and buy you some, but not knowing but you might have some, I would not run the chance of buying duplicates. Tell me if you have any, or if you would like any, and whether you would rather have motto ones like that with which I seal this letter ; or heads of great men such as Shakespeare, Milton, etc. ; or fancy pieces of art, such as Fame, Adonis, etc. — those gentry you read of at the end of the English Dictionary. Tell me also if you want any particular book, or pencils, or drawing-paper — anything but live stock, though I will not now be very severe on it, remembering how fond I used to be of gold-finches, tomtits, minnows, mice, ticklebacks, dace, cock salmons, and the whole tribe of the bushes and the brooks ; but verily they are better in the trees and the water — though I must confess even now a partiality for a handsome globe of goldfish ; then I would have it hold ten pails of water, and be fed continually fresh through a cool pipe, with another pipe to let through the floor — well ventilated, they would preserve all their beautiful silver and crimson. Then I would put it before a handsome painted window, and shade it all round with myrtles and japonicas. I should like the window to open onto the Lake of Geneva, and there I'd sit and read all day like the picture of somebody reading. The weather now and

then begins to feel like spring; and therefore I have begun my walks on the heath again. Mrs. Dike is getting better than she has been, as she has at length taken a physician's advice. She ever and anon asks after you, and always bids me remember her in my letters to you. She is going to leave Hampstead, for the sake of educating their son Charles at the Westminster School. We—Mr. Brown and I—shall leave in the beginning of May; I do not know what I shall do or where be all the next summer. Mrs. Reynolds has had a sick house; but they are all well now. You see what news I can send you I do; we all live one day like the other, as you do—the only difference is being sick and well—with the variations of single and double knocks, and the story of a dreadful fire in the newspapers. I mentioned Mr. Brown's name, yet I do not think I ever said a word about him to you. He is a friend of mine of two years' standing, with whom I walked through Scotland, who has been very kind to me in many things when I most wanted his assistance, and with whom I keep house until the first of May—you will know him some day. The name of the young man who came with me is William Haslam.

Ever your affectionate brother,

JOHN.

XLI

P. B. Shelley to Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne

MY DEAR FRIENDS :

Rome, April 6, 1819.

A combination of circumstances which Mary will explain to you leads us back to Naples in June, or rather the end of May, where we shall remain until the ensuing winter. We shall take a house at Portici or Castellamare until late in the autumn.

The object of this letter is to ask you to spend this period with us. There is no society which we have regretted or desired

so much as yours, and in our solitude the benefit of your concession would be greater than I can express. What is a sail to Naples? It is the season of tranquil weather and prosperous winds. If I knew the magic that lay in any given form of words, I would employ them to persuade ; but I fear that all I can say is, as you know with truth, we desire that you would come — we wish to see you. You came to see Mary at Lucca, directly I had departed to Venice. It is not our custom, when we can help it, any more than it is yours, to divide our pleasures.

What shall I say to entice you? We shall have a piano, and some books, and — little else, besides ourselves. But what will be most inviting to you, you will give much, though you may receive but little, pleasure.

But whilst I write this with more desire than hope, yet some of that, perhaps the project may fall into your designs. It is intolerable to think of your being buried at Livorno.¹ The success assured by Mr. Reveley's talents requires another scene. You may have decided to take this summer to consider — and why not with us at Naples, rather than at Livorno? . . .

Most sincerely yours,

P. B. SHELLEY.

XLII

John Keats to his Sister Fanny

MY DEAR FANNY :

Winchester, August 28, [1819].

You must forgive me for suffering so long a space to elapse between the dates of my letters. It is more than a fortnight since I left Shanklin, chiefly for the purpose of being near a tolerable library, which after all is not to be found in this place. However, we like it very much ; it is the pleasantest town I ever was in, and has the most recommendations of any. There

¹ Leghorn.—EDS.

is a fine cathedral, which to me is always a source of amusement, part of it built fourteen hundred years ago, and the more modern by a magnificent man — you may have read of in your history — called William of Wickham. The whole town is beautifully wooded. From the hill at the eastern extremity you see a prospect of streets and old buildings, mixed up with trees. Then there are the most beautiful streams about I ever saw, full of trout. There is the foundation of St. Croix about half a mile in the fields — a charity greatly abused. We have a collegiate school, a Roman Catholic school, a chapel ditto, and a nunnery ! And what improves it all is, the fashionable inhabitants are all gone to Southampton. We are quiet, except a fiddle that now and then goes like a gimlet through my ears, our landlady's son not being quite a proficient. . . .

The delightful weather we have had for two months is the highest gratification I could receive — no chilled red noses, no shivering, but fair atmosphere to think in, a clean towel marked with the mangle, and a basin of clear water to drench one's face with ten times a day ; no need of much exercise, a mile a day being quite sufficient. My greatest regret is that I have not been well enough to bathe, though I have been two months by the seaside, and live now close to delicious bathing. Still I enjoy the weather ; I adore fine weather, as the greatest blessing I can have. Give me books, fruit, French wine, and fine weather, and a little music out of doors, played by somebody I do not know — not pay the price of one's time for a jig, but a little chance music — and I can pass a summer very quietly without caring much about fat Louis, fat Regent, or the Duke of Wellington.

Why have you not written to me? because you were in expectation of George's letter and so waited? . . . I should like now to promenade round your gardens, apple-tasting, pear-tasting, plum-judging, apricot-nibbling, peach-scrunching,

nectarine-sucking, and melon-carving. I have also a great feeling for antiquated cherries full of sugar cracks, and a white currant-tree kept for company. I admire lolling on a lawn by a water-lilied pond, to eat white currants and see goldfish ; and go to the fair in the evening if I'm good. There is not hope for that — one is sure to get into some mess before even- ing. Have these hot days I brag of so much been well or ill for your health ? Let me hear soon.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN.

XLIII

John Keats to his Sister Fanny

Wentworth Place, Tuesday morn, [8 February, 1820].

MY DEAR FANNY :

I had a slight return of fever last night, which terminated favorably, and I am now tolerably well, though weak from [the] small quantity of food to which I am obliged to confine myself ; I am sure a mouse would starve upon it. Mrs. Wylie came yesterday. I have a very pleasant room for a sick person. A sofa bed is made up for me in the front parlor, which looks on to the grass-plot, as you remember Mrs. Dilke's does. How much more comfortable than a dull room up-stairs, where one gets tired of the pattern of the bed-curtains ! Besides I see all that passes — for instance now, this morning, if I had been in my own room I should not have seen the coals brought in. On Sunday, between the hours of twelve and one, I descried a pot-boy — I conjectured it might be the one o'clock beer. Old women with bobbins, and red cloaks, and unpresuming bonnets, I see creeping about the heath — gipsies after hare skins and silver spoons. Then goes by a fellow with a wooden clock under his arm that strikes a hundred and more. Then

comes the old French emigrant — who has been very well-to-do in France — with his hands joined behind on his hips, and his face full of political schemes. Then passes Mr. David Lewis, a very good-natured, good-looking old gentleman who has been very kind to Tom and George and me. As for those fellows, the brickmakers, they are always passing to and fro. I mustn't forget the two old maiden ladies in Well Walk who have a lap-dog between them that they are very anxious about. It is a corpulent little beast, whom it is necessary to coax along with an ivory-tipped cane. Carlo, our neighbor Mrs. Brawne's dog, and it meet sometimes. Lappy thinks Carlo a devil of a fellow, and so do his mistresses. Well they may — he would sweep 'em all down at a run, all for the joke of it. I shall desire him to peruse the fable of the boys and the frogs, though he prefers the tongues¹ and the bones. You shall hear from me again the day after to-morrow.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN KEATS.

XLIV

Robert Southey to Bertha, Kate, and Isabel Southey

June 26, 1820.

Bertha, Kate, and Isabel, you have been very good girls, and have written me very nice letters, with which I was much pleased. This is the last letter which I can write in return; and as I happen to have a quiet hour to myself here at Streatham on Monday noon, I will employ that hour in relating to you the whole history and manner of my being ell-ell-deed at Oxford by the Vice-Chancellor.

You must know, then, that because I had written a great many good books, and more especially the *Life of Wesley*, it

¹ A pun.—EDS.

was made known to me by the Vice-Chancellor, through Mr. Heber, that the University of Oxford were desirous of showing me the only mark of honor in their power to bestow, which was that of making me an LL.D. — that is to say a Doctor of Law.¹ Now you are to know that some persons are ell-ell-deed every year at Oxford, at the great annual meeting which is called Commemoration. There are two reasons for this: first, that the University may do itself honor by bringing persons of distinction to receive the degree publicly as a mark of honor; and, secondly, that certain persons in inferior offices may share in the fees paid by those upon whom the ceremony of ell-ell-deeing is performed. For the first of these reasons the Emperor Alexander was made a Doctor of Laws at Oxford, the King of Prussia, and old Blucher, and Platoff; and for the second, the same degree is conferred upon noblemen and persons of fortune and consideration who are any ways connected with the University, or city, or county of Oxford.

The ceremony of ell-ell-deeing is performed in a large circular building called the theatre, of which I will show you a print when I return; and this theatre is filled with people. The undergraduates — that is the young men who are called ‘cathedrals’ at Keswick — entirely fill the gallery. Under the gallery there are seats, which are filled with ladies in full dress, separated from the gentlemen. Between these two divisions of the ladies are seats for the Heads of Houses, and the Doctors of Law, Physic, and Divinity. In the middle of these seats is the Vice-Chancellor’s, opposite the entrance, which is under the orchestra. On the right and left are two kinds of pulpits, from which the prize essays and poems are recited. The area, or middle of the theatre, is filled with Bachelors and Masters of Art, and with as many strangers as can obtain admission. Before the steps which lead up to

¹ So in the original.—EDS.

the seats of the Doctors, and directly in front of the Vice-Chancellor, a wooden bar is let down, covered with red cloth, and on each side of this the beadles stand in their robes.

When the theatre is full, the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Houses and the Doctors enter. These persons who are to be ell-ell-deed remain without in the Divinity Schools in their robes, till the convocation have signified their assent to the ell-ell-deeing, and then they are led into the theatre one after another, in a line, into the middle of the area, the people first making a lane for them. The Professor of Civil Law, Dr. Phillimore, went before, and made a long speech in Latin, telling the Vice-Chancellor and the *dignissimi* what excellent persons we were who were now to be ell-ell-deed. Then he took us one by one by the hand, and presented each in his turn, pronouncing his name aloud, saying who and what he was, and calling him many laudatory names ending in *issimus*. The audience then cheered loudly to show their approbation of the person ; the Vice-Chancellor stood up, and, repeating the first words in *issime*, ell-ell-deed him ; the beadles lifted up the bar of separation, and the new-made Doctor went up the steps, and took his seat among the *dignissimi* Doctors.

Oh, Bertha, Kate, and Isabel, if you had seen me that day ! I was like other *issimis*, dressed in a great robe of the finest scarlet cloth, with sleeves of rose-colored silk, and I had in my hand a black velvet cap like a befeater, for the use of which dress I paid one guinea for that day. Dr. Phillimore, who was an old schoolfellow of mine, and a very good man, took me by the hand in my turn, and presented me ; upon which there was a great clapping of hands and huzzaing at my name. When that was over, the Vice-Chancellor stood up and said these words, whereby I was ell-ell-deed : ‘Doctissime et ornatissime vir, ego, pro auctoritate mea et totius universitatis hujus, admitto te ad gradum doctoris in jure civili, honoris causa.’

These were the words which ell-ell-deed me ; and then the bar was lifted up, and I seated myself among the Doctors.

Little girls, you know it might be proper for me now to wear a large wig, and to be called Dr. Southey, and to become very severe, and leave off being a comical papa. And if you find that ell-ell-deeing has made this difference in me, you will not be surprised. However, I shall not come down in a wig ; neither shall I wear my robes at home. God bless you all !

Your affectionate father,

R. SOUTHEY.

XLV

Charles Lamb to Bernard Barton

January 9, 1823.

‘ Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you !!! ’

Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you had but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers ; they are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm’s length from them ; come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread, some repining, others envying the blessed security of a counting-house, all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers — what not ? — rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some to go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. You know not what a rapacious, dishonest set these booksellers are. Ask even Southey, who — a single case almost — has made a fortune by book-drudgery, what he has

found them. O, you know not — may you never know! — the miseries of subsisting by authorship. 'T is a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery worse than all slavery to be a bookseller's dependent, to drudge your brains for pots of ale and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task-work. Those fellows hate us. The reason I take to be that, contrary to other trades, in which the master gets all the credit — a jeweler or silversmith for instance — and the journeyman, who really does the fine work, is in the background, in our work the world gives all the credit to us, whom they consider as their journeymen, and therefore do they hate us, and cheat us, and oppress us, and would wring the blood of us out, to put another sixpence in their mechanic pouches! I contend that a bookseller has a relative honesty towards authors, not like his honesty to the rest of the world.

Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public; you may hang, starve, drown yourself, for anything that worthy personage cares. I bless every star that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking-office; what! is there not from six to eleven P.M. six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment; look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome, dead timber of a desk, that makes me live. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart I do approve and

embrace this our close but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious. If you can send me Fox, I will not keep it six weeks, and will return it, with warm thanks to yourself and friend, without blot or dog's-ear. You will oblige me by this kindness.

Yours truly,

C. LAMB.

XLVI

Charles Lamb to Mr. Patmore

DEAR P.:

Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield, Sept., 1827.

Excuse my anxiety, but how is Dash? I should have asked if Mrs. Patmore kept her rules, and was improving; but Dash came uppermost. The order of our thoughts should be the order of our writing. Goes he muzzled, or *aperto ore*? Are his intellects sound, or does he wander a little in his conversation? You cannot be too careful to watch the first symptoms of incoherence. The first illogical snarl he makes, to St. Luke's with him. All the dogs here are going mad, if you believe the overseers; but I protest they seem to me very rational and collected. But nothing is so deceitful as mad people, to those who are not used to them. Try him with hot water: if he won't lick it up it is a sign—he does not like it. Does his tail wag horizontally or perpendicularly? That has decided the fate of many dogs in Enfield. Is his general deportment cheerful? I mean when he is pleased—for otherwise there is no judging. You can't be too careful. Has he bit any of the children yet? If he has, have them shot, and keep *him* for curiosity, to see if it was the hydrophobia. They say all our army in India had it at one time; but that was in *Hyder Ally's* time. Do you get paunch for him? Take care the sheep was sane. You might pull out his teeth—if he would let you—and then you need not mind if he were as mad

as a Bedlamite. It would be rather fun to see his odd ways ; it might amuse Mrs. P. and the children. They'd have more sense than he. He'd be like a fool kept in a family, to keep the household in good humor with their own understanding. You might teach him the mad dance, set to the mad howl ;¹ *Madge Owlet* would be nothing to him. 'My ! how he capers !' . . . What I scratch out is a German quotation from Lessing, on the bite of rabid animals ; but I remember you don't read German. But Mrs. P. may, so I wish I had let it stand. The meaning in English is : 'Avoid to approach an animal suspected of madness, as you would avoid fire or a precipice,' which I think is a sensible observation. The Germans are certainly profounder than we. If the slightest suspicion arises in your breast that all is not right with him, muzzle him and lead him in a string (common packthread will do — he don't care for twist) to Mr. Hood's, his quondam master, and he'll take him in at any time. You may mention your suspicion or not, as you like, or as you think it may wound or not Mr H.'s feelings. Hood, I know, will wink at a few follies in Dash, in consideration of his former sense. Besides, Hood is deaf, and, if you hinted anything, ten to one he would not hear you. Besides, you will have discharged your conscience, and laid the child at the right door, as they say.

We are dawdling our time away very idly and pleasantly at a Mrs. Leishman's, Chase, Enfield, where, if you come a-hunting, we can give you cold meat and a tankard. Her husband is a tailor ; but that, you know, does not make her one. I knew a jailer — which rimes — but his wife was a fine lady.

Let us hear from you respecting Mrs. P.'s regimen. I send my love in a — to Dash.

C. LAMB.

¹ Supposed to be said by one of the children.—EDS.

XLVII

Arthur Hallam to Emily Tennyson

Nonnenwerth, July 16, 1832.

I expect, as far as I can calculate — but a traveler's calculations are always liable to be deranged by unforeseen changes — to be in England by the end of this month, and then I shall go straight to Somersby. I had better tell you something of what Alfred and I have been doing. My last letter, I think, was from Rotterdam.

We resumed our steamboat last Wednesday morning, and came on slowly up the Rhine, the banks of which are more uniformly ugly and flat as far as Cologne than any country I ever saw of so great an extent. Really, until yesterday, we had seen nothing in the way of scenery that deserved going a mile to see. Cologne is the paradise of painted glass ; the splendor of the windows in the churches would have greatly delighted you. The Cathedral is unfinished, and if completed on the original plan, would be the most stupendous and magnificent in the world. The part completed is very beautiful Gothic. Alfred was in great raptures, only complaining he had so little time to study the place. There is a gallery of pictures quite after my own heart, rich, glorious old German pictures, which Alfred accuses me of preferring to Titian and Raffaelle. In the Cathedral we saw the tomb and relics of the three kings, Gaspar, Melchior, and Balthazar, the patrons of Cologne, and very miraculous persons in their day, according to sundry legends. The tomb is nearly all of pure massy gold, studded with rich precious stones.

From Cologne we came on to Bonn, which really bears a sort of family likeness to Cambridge. Here the Rhine begins to be beautiful ; and yesterday we took a luxurious climb up the Drachenfels, looked around at the mild vine-spread hillock,

and ‘river-sundered champaign clothed with corn,’¹ ate cherries under the old castle-wall at the top of the crag, then descended to a village below, and were carried over in a boat to the place from which I am writing. And what is that? Ten years ago it was a large convent of Benedictine nuns; now it is a large and comfortable hotel, still retaining the form of the convent, the cloisters, cell-like rooms, etc. It stands on an island in the middle of the river; you will understand the size of the isle when I tell you it is rather larger, according to Alfred, than that of the Lady of Shalott, and the stream is rather more rapid than our old acquaintance that ran down to Camelot. The prospect from the window and gardens is most beautiful, the mountains, as they are called—Drachenfels being one, on one bank of the river, and Rolandseck towering up to the other—with the hills about Bingen glooming in the distance.

XLVIII

Charles Lamb to Mr. Moxon

July 24, 1833.

Give Emma no more watches; one has turned her head. She is arrogant and insulting. She said something very unpleasant to our old clock in the passage, as if he did not keep time, and yet he had made her no appointment. She takes it out every instant to look at the moment-hand. She lugs us out into the fields, because there the bird-boys ask you, ‘Pray, sir, can you tell us what’s o’clock?’—and she answers them punctually. She loses all her time looking to see ‘what the time is.’ I overheard her whispering, ‘Just so many hours, minutes, etc., to Tuesday; I think St. George’s goes too slow!’. This little present of Time!—why, ‘tis Eternity to her! What can make her so fond of a gingerbread watch? She has spoiled

some of the movements. Between ourselves, she has kissed away 'half-past twelve,' which I suppose to be the canonical hour in Hanover Square.

Well, if 'love me, love my watch' answers, she will keep time to you. 'It goes right by the Horse Guards.'

Dearest M.: Never mind opposite¹ nonsense. She does not love you for the watch, but the watch for you. I will be at the wedding, and keep the 30th July as long as my poor months last me, as a festival gloriously.

Yours ever,
ELIA.

We have not heard from Cambridge; I will write the moment we do.

Edmonton, 24th July, twenty minutes past three by Emma's watch.

XLIX

Thomas Hood to his Daughter

MY DEAR FANNY:

Halle, October 23, 1837.

I hope you are as good still as when I went away — a comfort to your good mother and a kind playfellow to your little brother. Mind you tell him my horse eats bread out of my hand, and walks up to the officers who are eating, and pokes his nose into the women's baskets. I wish I could give you both a ride. I hope you liked your paints; pray keep them out of Tom's way, as they are poisonous. I shall have rare stories to tell you when I come home; but mind, you must be good till then, or I shall be as mute as a stock-fish. Your mama will show you on the map where I was when I wrote this; and when she writes will let you put in a word. You would have laughed to have seen your friend Wildegans running after the

¹ On opposite page.—EDS.

sausage-boy to buy a *wurst*.¹ There was hardly an officer without one in his hand smoking hot. The men piled their guns on the grass, and sat by the side of the road, all munching at once like ogres. I had a pocket full of bread and butter, which soon went into my ‘cavities,’ as Mrs. Dilke calls them. I only hope I shall not get so hungry as to eat my horse. I know I need not say, keep school and mind your book, as you love to learn. You can have Minna sometimes, her papa says.

Now God bless you, my dear little girl, my pet, and think of
Your loving father,

THOMAS HOOD.

L

Edward Fitzgerald to Frederic Tennyson

Geldestone Hall, Beccles, (10 April, 1839).

MY DEAR TENNYSON :

I see in the last *Atlas* a notice of the first concert of the Società Armonica. There were you to be found of course seated in black velvet waistcoat—for I hope you remember these are dress concerts—on one of the benches, grumbling at most of the music. You had a long symphony of Beethoven's in B flat; I forget how it goes, but doubtless there was much good in it. The overture to *Egmont* is also a fine thing. The *Atlas*, which is the best weekly critic of music and all other things that I know of, gives great κῦδος to the Società Armonica: especially this season, as the directors seem determined to replace Donizetti and Mercadante and Mozart and Rossini in the vocal department—a good change doubtless. I hear no music now, except that for the last week I have been staying with Spring Rice's mother-in-law, Mrs. Frere,² one of the

¹ Sausage.—EDS.

² Widow of Sergeant Frere, Master of Downing College, Cambridge.

finest judges of music I know. She was a fine singer; but her voice fails now. We used to look over the score of *Don Giovanni* together, and many a mystery and mastery of composition did she show me in it. Now then there is enough of music.

I wish you would write me a letter, which you can do now and then if you will take it into your head, and let me know how you and my dear old Morton are, and whether you dine and smoke together as heretofore. If you won't write, tell him to do so; or make up a letter between you. What new pictures are there to be seen? Have you settled yet whether spirit can exist separately from matter? Are you convinced of the truth of Murphy's *Almanac* this year? Have you learned any more astronomy?

I live on in a very seedy way, reading occasionally in books which every one else has gone through at school; and what I do read is just in the same way as ladies work—to pass the time away—for little remains in my head. I dare say you think it very absurd that an idle man like me should poke about here in the country, when I might be in London seeing my friends; but such is the humor of the beast. But it is not always to be the case: I shall see your good physiognomy one of these days, and smoke one of your cigars, and listen to Morton saying fine and wild things, ‘startling the dull ear of night’ with paradoxes that perhaps are truisms in the world where spirits exist independent of matter. You two men have made great commotion in my mind, and left your marks upon it, I can tell you, more than most of the books I read. What is Alfred about, and where is he? Present my homage to him. Don't you rather rejoice in the pickle the King of the French finds himself in? I don't know why, but I have a sneaking dislike of the old knave. How he must pine to summon up Talleyrand's ghost, and what a ghost it must be, wherever it is!

LI

Edward Fitzgerald to Frederic Tennyson

MY DEAR FREDERIC :

Naseby, (Oct., 1841).

I am surprised you think my scanty letters are worth encouraging, especially with such long and excellent answers as that I have just got from you. It has found its way down here ; and oddly enough does your Italian scenery, painted, I believe, very faithfully upon my inner eye, contrast with the British barrenness of the Field of Naseby. Yet here was fought a battle of some interest to Englishmen ; and I am persuading farmers to weed well the corn that grows over those who died there. No, no ; in spite of your Vesuviuses and sunshine, I love my poor, dear, brave, barren, ugly country. Talk of your Italians ! Why, they are extinguished by the Austrians because they don't blaze enough of themselves to burn the extinguisher. Only people who deserve despotism are forced to suffer it.

We have at last good weather ; and the harvest is just drawing to a close in this place. It is a bright brisk morning, and the loaded wagons are rolling cheerfully past my window. But since I wrote what is above a whole day has passed : I have eaten a bread dinner ; taken a lonely walk ; made a sketch of Naseby — not the least like yours of Castellamare ; played for an hour on an old tub of a piano ; and went out in my dressing-gown to smoke a pipe with a tenant hard by. That tenant — whose name is Love by the bye — was out with his folks in the stack-yard getting in all the corn they can, as the night looks rainy. So, disappointed of my projected ‘ talk about runts and turnips,’ I am come back — with a good deal of animal spirits at my tongue's and fingers' ends. If I were transported now into your room at Castellamare, I would wag my tongue far beyond midnight with you. These fits of exultation are not very common with me, as — after leaving off beef — my

life has become of an even gray-paper character, needing no great excitement, and as pleased with Naseby as Naples. . . .

I am reading Schlegel's lectures on the history of literature, a nice, just book; as also the comedies of Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar — the latter very delightful; as also D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*, a good book. When I am tired of one I take up the other; when tired of all, I take up my pipe, or sit down and recollect some of *Fidelio* on the piano-forte. Ah, Master Tennyson, we in England have our pleasures, too! As to Alfred, I have heard nothing of him since May, except that some one saw him going to a packet, which he believed was going to Rotterdam. . . .

When shall you and I go to an opera again, or hear one of Beethoven's symphonies together? You are lost to England, I calculate; and I am given over to turnips and inanity. So runs the world away. Well, if I never see you again, I am very, very glad I have seen you, and got the idea of a noble fellow all ways into my head. Does this seem like humbug to you? But it is not. And that fine fellow Morton, too! Pray write when you can to me; and when my stars shine so happily about my head as they do at this minute, when my blood feels like champagne, I will answer you. . . .

When you go to Florence, get to see a fresco portrait of Dante by Giotto, newly discovered in some chapel there. Edgeworth saw it, and has brought home a print, which is, he says, a tolerable copy. It is a most awful head: Dante, when about twenty-five years old. The likeness to the common portraits of him when old is quite evident. All his great poem seems in it, like the flower in the bud. I read the last cantos of the *Paradiso* over and over again. I forget if you like him; but, if I understand you at all, you must. Farewell!

P.S. Just heard from Edgeworth that Alfred is in London 'busy preparing for the press' !!!

W.M.

LII

Henry W. Longfellow to his Father

Marienberg, June 21, 1842.

I wrote you about three weeks ago from Paris, informing you of my safe arrival there and of my plans for reaching Germany.

I had a very pleasant journey through Belgium, visiting Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, and Brussels. The Rhine looks very much as in former days. Half a dozen steamers ply up and down its yellow waters, and cockney tourists infest its towns. Boppard is a very ancient place—an old Roman town; parts of the Roman walls are still standing. The church whose roof and spires you see above is as old as the thirteenth century. The spires are connected by a covered bridge, in which are two rooms—a bedroom and a kitchen. The watchman formerly lived up there.

Marienberg is just above the town. It is a fine old building—once a convent of noble nuns. The cloisters still remain, with the tombstones of the nuns in the wall. Behind the house is a large garden and park, from which walks run up the several valleys and hills in the neighborhood. It is a very beautiful establishment. I have a window towards the garden, as you see by the mark.

At present there are about sixty persons here, going through what is called the water-cure. Among them are some very agreeable persons. The process of cure varies of course somewhat with the nature of the disease, but in general it is this: About four o'clock in the morning a servant comes in and wraps you in a wet sheet, then in a blanket, then covers you up in a mass of bedquilts. There you lie for an hour or more, until you perspire freely. You are then wheeled in an armchair to the bathing-room, where you plunge into

a large bath of running water, and remain a couple of minutes, splashing and rubbing. You then dress, and walk an hour in the garden, drinking at intervals at the fountains, to the amount of four or five glasses. Next follows breakfast, which consists of bread, butter, and milk, and sometimes strawberries. After breakfast, another walk — or a letter, as to-day.

At eleven o'clock a douche, which is nothing more nor less than standing under a spout. The douches vary from eighteen to thirty-five feet in height, and are perhaps the pleasantest baths — the force of the water making you warm in an instant. The water from the hills is brought into the bathing-rooms by pipes, under which you place yourself for three or four minutes. You then take another walk for an hour ; then a *fliessendes Sitzbad*, or flowing bath, in which you sit for half an hour, the water flowing through continually. Then you walk till one o'clock. At one, dinner — very frugal, without wine or spice of any kind. After dinner, sit or walk or play billiards till five. At five, another *Sitzbad*, as at twelve ; and then a long walk up the hills or to the neighboring villages till supper, which is on the table from half-past seven to nine, and is the same as the breakfast ; at ten, to bed.

Such is a day in Marienberg, where one day is like another — saving Sunday, when we rest from our bathing. You will think the treatment quite barbarous, but it is not half so much so as it seems. To me, indeed, it is extremely pleasant. I delight in the cold baths, and have great faith in their efficacy. I have been here now a fortnight, and enjoy myself much. I like particularly the long walks we take at sunset. From morning till night we are out in the open air. This part of the treatment, and the diet, I think you will approve ; and there are here some striking proofs of the benefits of the water-cure.

I hope that ere long we shall have some such establishments in America. The White Hills would be a capital place — having a great abundance of cold water, and plenty of high hills to climb.

LIII

Thomas Hood to Charles Dickens

MY DEAR DICKENS:

[Nov., 1842?]

Only thinking of the pleasure of seeing you again, with Mrs. Dickens, on Tuesday or Wednesday, I never remembered till I got home to my wife, who is also my flapper (not a young wild duck, but a remembrancer of Laputa), that I have been booked to shoot some rabbits — if I can — at Wantage, in Berks ; a reverend friend, called ‘Peter Priggins,’¹ will be waiting for me, by appointment, at his railway-station on Tuesday. But I must and can only be three or four days absent ; after which, the sooner we have the pleasure of seeing you the better for us. Mrs. Hood thinks there ought to be a ladies’ dinner to Mrs. Dickens. I think she wants to go to Greenwich, seeing how much good it has done me, for I went really ill, and came home well, so that occasionally the diet of Gargantua seems to suit me better than that of Panta-gruel. Well, adieu for the present. Live, fatten, prosper, write, and draw the mopuses wholesale through Chapman and *Haul*.²

Yours ever truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

¹ Rev. Joseph T. J. Hewlett (1800–1847), author of *Peter Priggins, the College Scout* (1841), and other books. — EDS.

² A firm of London publishers. — EDS.

LIV

Thomas Hood to May Elliot

MY DEAR MAY :

Monday, April, 1844.

I promised you a letter, and here it is. I was sure to remember it, for you are as hard to forget as you are soft to roll down a hill with. What fun it was ! — only so prickly I thought I had a porcupine in one pocket, and a hedgehog in the other. The next time before we kiss the earth we will have its face well shaved. Did you ever go to Greenwich Fair? I should like to go there with you, for I get no rolling at St. John's Wood. Tom and Fanny only like roll and butter, and as for Mrs. Hood, she is for rolling in money.

Tell Dunnie that Tom has set his trap in the balcony, and has caught a cold, and tell Jeanie that Fanny has set her foot in the garden, but it has not come up yet. Oh, how I wish it was the season when ‘ March winds and April showers bring forth Mayflowers ! ’ for then of course you would give me another pretty little nosegay. Besides it is frosty and foggy weather, which I do not like. The other night, when I came from Stratford, the cold shriveled me up so that when I got home I thought I was my own child !

However, I hope we shall all have a merry Christmas ; I mean to come in my ticklesome waistcoat, and to laugh till I grow fat, or at least streaky. Fanny is to be allowed a glass of wine, Tom’s mouth is to have a *hole* holiday, and Mrs. Hood is to sit up to supper. There will be doings ! And then such good things to eat ; but, pray, pray, pray, mind they don’t boil the baby by mistake for the plump pudding, instead of a plum one.

Give my love to everybody, from yourself down to Willy, with which and a kiss I remain, up hill and down dale,

Your affectionate lover,

THOMAS HOOD.

LV

James R. Lowell to Miss L. L. White¹

MY DEAR LOIS :

New York, May 24, 1845.

Yesterday having been a day of extraordinary excitement and adventure in the wedded life of Maria and myself, seems to afford me an opportunity of giving you Scripture measure in the matter of the letter I promised to write you from Philadelphia. Whether from Philadelphia or New York, however, matters very little, since my heart was as near you in one place as in the other.

I shall begin my account of yesterday's proceedings with a sketch of an interesting scene which took place in our chamber yesterday morning. It had been arranged beforehand that we should make an excursion to Greenwood Cemetery in the forenoon, and visit Mrs. and Miss P—, who live in Brooklyn — near the cemetery — on our return. Now, you must know that I am becoming more and more inclined to Grahamism every day, and on the particular morning of yesterday was indulging Maria with my views on that subject, when the following dialogue took place :

I. 'I think I shall eat no meat after our return home.'

M. 'Why not begin to-day?'

I. (*With heroic excitement*) 'I will!'

M. 'I'm sure we've had nothing in the way of meat here that has been very tempting.'

I. 'True, but we shall doubtless have a fine dinner at the P.'s. And, on second thoughts, I believe I shall begin my reform to-morrow.' (*Exeunt. End of 1st Act.*)

The next scene of this exciting drama is laid in Brooklyn, where we sat waiting in a curious affair called an omnibus, and regarded as such with intense pride by the driver. My

¹ Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

opinion in regard to this machine is not fully made up. At first I was inclined to regard it as the first crude idea of a vehicle which entered the creative mind ; but afterwards I was more inclined to believe it to have [been] an instrument of torture devised by the Inquisition, and given by a Jesuit, in the disguise of a very benevolent old gentleman, to the proprietor of the line, for the purpose of punishing such heretics as could not otherwise be got into the power of the Holy Office. It was dragged by two creatures who might have been put into any menagerie and safely exhibited as sea-horses, for all the resemblance they bore to the original land-animal of the same name.

While sitting waiting for these creatures to recover sufficient strength for a start, an Irishwoman, who had regarded us attentively for some time, exclaimed, ‘Faix ! it’s a long time it is sence I ’ve seen anny beauty, but I see a dale of it now anny way !’ Maria has a private theory that the woman was looking directly at her when she gave voice to this inspiration, but I cannot but think that there was another individual of a different sex — but I will say no more. In either case the woman showed a great deal of discernment, considering her limited opportunities.

Now imagine us to have perambulated the cemetery for the space of three hours, with no food but what is technically called food for reflection, suggested by the monstrous inventions which surviving relatives heap over the — properly — mortified remains of the departed. It was now half-past four o’clock, and we had eaten nothing since eight in the morning. This was carrying the principles of Grahamism to a supernatural extent. Still I delighted myself with the reflection that this involuntary asceticism would cease on our arrival at the hospitable mansion of the P.’s. On arriving there, we found that their dinner-hour had been recently changed from

five o'clock to two! An entirely intellectual banquet had been prepared for us, the bill of fare of which I give below:

1st Course

Mrs. P. and the Miss P. who was at Watertown, who met us in the entry and accompanied us to the drawing-room.

2d Course

A tall Miss P., who was engaged to somebody at sea.

3d Course

A short Miss P., who was engaged to nobody, and whose betrothed—if she had one—would be likely to go to sea and remain there.

4th Course

A Mr. Charles P., who had inoculated himself for the small-pox, to the great discontentment of his father.

Dessert,

consisting of inquiries by the tall Miss P. concerning our travels and relations, and startling revelations of her own perilous journeyings by the short one. This fragrant repast was preceded by a Quaker grace, being a silence of ten minutes, and was interspersed at intervals—such was our gratitude and pious feeling—by similar golden pauses. The whole was followed by the agreeable exercise of walking a mile to the ferry-boat. . . .

If I ever am rich enough, I intend to erect a monument in Greenwood Cemetery to my hopes of dinner, which I buried there. Exhausted nature here demands repose.

We go to Staten Island this afternoon. How long we shall stay remains to be seen. We shall probably not arrive at home until the 4th or 5th of next month.

Maria is quite well, and has gone to visit Mrs. Child. Love to all. Affectionately your brother, J. R. L.

LVI

Washington Irving to Mrs. Parish

1845.

. . . My evening drives, though lonely, are pleasant. You can have no idea of the neighborhood of Madrid from that of other cities. The moment you emerge from the gates you enter upon a desert; vast wastes as far as the eye can reach on, undulating, and in part hilly country, without trees or habitation, green in the early part of the year and cultivated with grain, but burnt by the summer sun into a variety of browns, some of them rich, though sombre. A long picturesque line of mountains closes the landscape to the west and north, on the summits of some of which the snow lingers even in mid-summer. The road I generally take, though a main road, is very solitary. Now and then I meet a group of travelers on horseback, roughly clad, with muskets slung behind their saddles, and looking very much like the robbers they are armed against; or a line of muleteers from the distant provinces, with their mules hung with bells, and tricked out with worsted bobs and tassels; or a goatherd driving his flock of goats home to the city for the night, to furnish milk for the inhabitants. Every group seems to accord with the wild, half-savage scenery around; and it is difficult to realize that such scenery and such groups should be in the midst of a populous and ancient capital. Some of the sunsets behind the Guadarrama mountains, shedding the last golden rays over this vast melancholy landscape, are really magnificent.

I have had much pleasure in walking on the Prado on bright moonlight nights. This is a noble walk within the walls of the city, and not far from my dwelling. It has alleys of stately trees, and is ornamented with five fountains, decorated with statuary and sculpture. The Prado is the great promenade of

the city. One grand alley is called the saloon, and is particularly crowded. In the summer evening there are groups of ladies and gentlemen seated in chairs, and holding their *tertulians*, or gossiping parties, until a late hour. But what most delights me are the groups of children, attended by their parents or nurses, who gather about the fountains, take hands, and dance in rings to their own nursery songs. They are just the little beings for such a fairy moonlight scene. I have watched them night after night, and only wished I had some of my own little nieces or grandnieces to take part in the fairy ring. These are all the scenes and incidents I can furnish you from my present solitary life.

I am looking soon for the return of the Albuquerques to Madrid, which will give me a family circle to resort to. Madame Albuquerque always calls me uncle, and I endeavor to cheat myself into an idea that she is a niece ; she certainly has the kindness and amiableness of one, and her children are most entertaining companions for me.

Your letter from the cottage brings with it all the recollections of the place—its trees and shrubs, its roses, and honeysuckles, and humming-birds. I am glad to find that my old friend the catbird still builds and sings under the window. You speak of Vaney's barking, too ; it was like suddenly hearing a well-known but long-forgotten voice, for it has been a long time since any mention was made of that most meritorious little dog.

LVII

Nathaniel Hawthorne to Henry W. Longfellow

DEAR LONGFELLOW :

Salem, June 4, 1848.

I got as far as Boston yesterday with the purpose of coming out to Cambridge to see Stephen and yourself, in compliance with his letter. An engagement of business obtruded itself,

however, and I was detained till it was too late to dine with you. So I thought it best to dispense with the visit altogether; for the encounter of friends after long separation is but unsubstantial and ghostlike without a dinner. It is roast beef that gives reality to everything! If he is gone, pray write him how unwillingly I failed of meeting him; if he is still in Cambridge, tell him how happy I should be to receive him here on his way to Portland. I think he might spend a few days pleasantly enough, for I would introduce him to all the custom-house officers, beside other intellectual society! Seriously, I do wish he would come. It is nearly ten years since we met — too long a space to come between those who have kindly recollections of each other. Ten years more will go near to make us venerable men, and I doubt whether it will be so pleasant to meet when each friend shall be a memento of decay to the other.

Very truly yours,

NATH. HAWTHORNE.

LVIII

James R. Lowell to W. J. Stillman¹

MY DEAR FRIEND :

Dresden, Feb. 18, 1856.

I reproach myself bitterly for not having sooner answered your letter — but what is the use of spurring an already beaten-out horse? What energy can self-reproaches communicate to a man who has barely resolution enough to do what is absolutely necessary for the day, and who shoves everything else over into the never-coming To-morrow? To say all in one word, I have been passing a very wretched winter. I have been out of health and out of spirits — gnawed a great part of the time by an insatiable homesickness, and deprived of my usual means of ridding myself of bad thoughts by putting them

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into verse, for I have felt always that I was here for the specific end of learning German, and not of pleasing myself.

Just now I am better in body and mind. My cure has been wrought by my resolving to run away for a month into Italy. Think of it—Italy! I shall see Page and Norton, and the grave of our dear little Walter. I can hardly believe that I am going, and in ten days.

What you tell me about the *Crayon* you may be sure fills me with very sincere regret. It does not need to tell you how much interest I took in it and you; and, what is better, my interest in it was not that merely of a friend of yours, but sprung from a conviction that it would do much for the æsthetic culture of our people. I am very sorry on every account that it is to be given up; I had hoped so much from it. It is a consolation to me to think that you will be restored to the practice instead of the criticism and exposition of Art, and that we shall get some more pictures like the one which took so strong a hold of me in the New York exhibition. I shall hope to become the possessor of one myself after I get quietly settled again at Elmwood, with the Old Man of the Sea of my first course of lectures off my shoulders. You must come and make me a visit, and I will show you some nice studies of landscape in our neighborhood, and especially one bit of primitive forest that I know within a mile and a half of our house.

I have been studying like a dog—no, dogs don't study; I mean a learned pig—this winter, and I think my horizon has grown wider, and that when I come back I shall be worth more to my friends. I have learned the boundaries of my knowledge, and *Terra Incognita* does not take up so much space on my maps. In German I have every reason to be satisfied with my progress—though I should have learned more of the colloquial language if I had had spirits enough to go into any society. But I have literally seen nobody but the inmates of

our own household and my books. But already the foreboding of Italy fills me with new life and soul. I feel as if I had been living with no outlook on my south side, and as if a wall had been toppled over which darkened all my windows in that direction. Bodily and spiritually I have suffered here with the cold. But God be thanked, it will soon be over.

My great solace—or distraction—has been the theatre, which is here excellent. I not only got a lesson in German, but have learned much of the technology of the stage. For historical accuracy in costume and scenery I have never seen anything comparable. An artistic nicety and scrupulousness extends itself to the most inconsidered trifles, in which so much of illusion consists, and which commonly are so bungled as to draw the attention, instead of evading it by an absorption in the universal.

If I had known that I was going to London, I should have been extremely pleased to make the acquaintance of Ruskin. But my journey thither was sudden and flighty, and I saw nobody except Hogarth, Turner, and Rembrandt. Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*, and Rembrandt's *Jacob's Dream*, at Dulwich College, gave me invaluable suggestions.

It will not be long now, I hope, before I see you at Elmwood—for you must make me a visit as soon as I get warm in my Italy again. It is all *bergab*¹ now, and I shall ere long feel the swing of our Atlantic once more. The very thought revives me. We seaboard fellows cannot live long without snuffing salt water. Let me hear from you in Italy—tell me what you are painting, and all about yourself. As soon as I am myself again I shall try to make my friendship of some worth to you, but always

I am your affectionate friend,

J. R. L.

¹ Downhill.—EDS.

LIX

Charles Dickens to Mark Lemon

MY DEAR MARK :

H. W. Office, July 2, 1856.

I am concerned to hear that you are ill, that you sit down before fires and shiver, and that you have stated times for doing so, like the demons in the melodramas, and that you mean to take a week to get well in.

Make haste about it, like a dear fellow, and keep up your spirits, because I have made a bargain with Stanny and Webster that they shall come to Boulogne to-morrow week, Thursday the 10th, and stay a week. And you know how much pleasure we shall all miss if you are not among us — at least for some part of the time

If you find any unusually light appearance in the air at Brighton, it is a distant refraction — I have no doubt — of the gorgeous and shining surface of Tavistock House, now transcendently painted. The theatre partition is put up, and is a work of such terrific solidity that I suppose it will be dug up, ages hence, from the ruins of London, by that Australian of Macaulay's who is to be impressed by its ashes. I have wandered through the spectral halls of the Tavistock mansion two nights, with feeling of the profoundest depression. I have breakfasted there, like a criminal in Pentonville, only not so well. It is more like Westminster Abbey by midnight than the lowest-spirited man — say you at present, for example — can well imagine.

There has been a wonderful robbery at Folkestone, by the new manager of the Pavilion, who succeeded Giovannini. He had in keeping £16,000 of a foreigner's, and bolted with it, as he supposed, but in reality with only £1400 of it. The Frenchman had previously bolted with the whole, which was the property of his mother. With him to England the Frenchman

brought a 'lady,' who was, all the time and at the same time, endeavoring to steal all the money from him and bolt with it herself. The details are amazing, and all the money — a few pounds excepted — has been got back.

They will be full of sympathy and talk about you when I get home, and I shall tell them that I send their loves beforehand. They are all enclosed. The moment you feel hearty, just write me that word by post. I shall be so delighted to receive it. Ever, my dear boy,

Your affectionate friend.

LX

Phillips Brooks to his Brother George

DEAR GEORGE :

Thanksgiving Day, 1857.

As nearly as I can calculate, you are at this moment — I have made all due allowance for difference of longitude — sitting down to the turkey and plum pudding. Allow me to take my slice with you, making my own welcome, and finding a seat where I can. What a stunner of a fowl! See John measuring it solemnly with his eye, and trying to make out whether he or it is the biggest. We won't quarrel about drumsticks. You shall have one, and I the other. What a pity the beast was n't a quadruped! To think of having dined only yesterday on cold mutton with rice for dessert, and now — my eye! do just look at that cranberry sauce. How quiet Pistols is! No matter; he is busy, and fast getting beyond the speaking point. Hullo, my plate 's clear; another piece of turkey, if you please. Don't look frightened. Thanksgiving only comes once a year. Gracious! Do look at Fred. Now do be a little moderate, my dear. Don't you see how hard Arthur is trying to keep up with you? The poor boy will kill himself. Here comes the pudding! Father of course

proposes to have it saved till to-morrow. He has done it every Thanksgiving Day I can remember, for the last twenty-five years. But you don't! We finish it now, if we never eat again. We never have any supper, you know, on Thanksgiving Days, and we shall be all right by breakfast time. . . . Well, dinner's over, and Pistols is laid up on the sofa, and John's jacket just covers the small of his back, and Fred is trying to look as if he had n't eaten too much, and Father is looking for somebody to go to walk with him. You had better go, and I will leave much love to all, and take the next train of thought for Virginia. O reservoir!

Your loving, busy brother,

PHIL.

LXI

Phillips Brooks to his Brother William

MY DEAR WILLIAM :

Monday evening, June 16, 1862.

I am late this week, but you must lay it down to the press and rush consequent on getting home from a week's absence. All last week I was away on a Niagara trip. Mr. Coffin, my warden, was with us. We left early Monday morning, and went to New York, where we spent the day, and at five o'clock took the Hudson River cars for Albany. You know how beautiful that ride is, but I had never been over it before, and enjoyed it intensely. We spent the night in Albany at the Delavan House, and the next morning were off early by the N. Y. Central for the Falls. The ride across New York state was not particularly interesting, and we were glad to get to the Suspension Bridge in the evening. We went at once across, and up to the Clifton House, where for the first time in my life I found myself on other than Uncle Samuel's Farm. It was dark when we got there, and so I slept all night with

the roar of the cataract, which I had not yet seen, preparing me for the morning sight.

When I woke up, full in the view from my room window, there it was ! Greater than any dream I ever formed of it. More wonderful and awful than any sight I had supposed our world could furnish. Of the next two days I can't tell you much. They were spent in an incessant wandering, learning the miracle from every point of view — under the Falls and over the Falls, up the river and down the river, from the Bridge and the Island and the Tower, and what is after all the view I remember most vividly — that grand sweep that you see from the front piazza of the Clifton House. We went everywhere, and got ourselves full of the glory and beauty of Niagara. The most wonderful thing to me, I think, was the color, both of the Falls and of the river — its changes, and depths, and brilliancy. I never knew what water was before.

The last day of our stay was at the Cataract House, though we had been over on that side before. On Friday afternoon we left for Philadelphia, coming by way of Buffalo, and Elmira, and Williamsburg, and Reading, over the famous Catawissa road, whose scenery is more marvelous than any railroad[']s] in the land. It was a splendid day's ride on Saturday, reaching home about seven in the evening. Now you have got my last week in full.

I shall leave here two weeks from to-day, and probably come right to Boston. I have about given up the idea of going to Newport. I don't care much about it, and I want to have as much time as possible at home before I go to the mountains. So look for me probably two weeks from to-morrow morning, and then ' What larks ! '

Affectionately,¹

PHIL.

¹ The omission of ' yours ' is noticeable, because so rare in this collection.

LXII

Abraham Lincoln to Horace Greeley

Executive Mansion, Washington, August 22, 1862.

HON. HORACE GREELEY:

DEAR SIR:

I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the *New York Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I

shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN.

LXIII

Abraham Lincoln to Joseph Hooker

Executive Mansion, Washington, January 26, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL HOOKER:

GENERAL:

I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to

the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it ; and now beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

LXIV

Abraham Lincoln to U. S. Grant

Executive Mansion, Washington, April 30, 1864.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT :

Not expecting to see you again before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant ; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you !

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

LXV

Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby

Executive Mansion, Washington, November 21, 1864.

MRS. BIXBY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS:

DEAR MADAM:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that the Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LXVI

Dr. Livingstone to his Daughter Agnes¹

Bombay, September 20, 1865.

. . . By advice of the Governor I went up to Nassick, to see if the Africans there under Government instruction would suit my purpose as members of the expedition. I was present at the examination of a large school under Mr. Price, by the Bishop of Bombay. It is partly supported by Government. The pupils (108) are not exclusively African, but all showed very great proficiencies. They excelled in music. I found

¹ Preparation for the last journey.

some of the Africans to have come from parts I know — one from Ndonde on the Rovuma — and all had learned some handicraft, besides reading, writing, etc., and it is probable that some of them will go back to their own country with me. Eight have since volunteered to go. Besides these I am to get some men from the Marine Battalion who have been accustomed to rough it in various ways, and their pensions will be given to their widows if they should die. The Governor [Sir Bartle Frere] is going to do what he can for my success.

After going back to Bombay I came up to near Poonah, and am now at Government House, the guest of the Governor. Society here consists mainly of officers and their wives. . . . Miss Frere, in the absence of Lady Frere, does the honors of the establishment, and very nicely she does it. She is very clever, and quite unaffected — very like her father. . . .

Christianity is gradually diffusing itself, leavening as it were in various ways the whole mass. When a man becomes a professor of Christianity, he is at present cast out, abandoned by all his relations, even by his wife and children. This state of things makes some who don't care about Christian progress say that all Christian servants are useless. They are degraded by their own countrymen, and despised by others, but time will work changes. Mr. Maine, who came out here with us, intends to introduce a law whereby a convert deserted by his wife may marry again. It is in accordance with the text in Corinthians: 'If an unbelieving wife depart, let her depart.' People will gradually show more sympathy with the poor fellows who come out of heathenism, and discriminate between the worthy and unworthy.

You should read Lady Duff Gordon's *Letters from Egypt*. They show a nice sympathizing heart, and are otherwise very

interesting. She saw the people as they are. Most people see only the outside of things. Avoid all nasty French novels. They are very injurious, and effect a lasting injury on the mind and heart.

I go up to Government House again three days hence, and am to deliver two lectures—one at Poonah, and one at Bombay.

LXVII

R. L. Stevenson to his Mother¹

MY DEAR MOTHER :

Wick, Friday, September 11, 1868.

. . . Wick lies at the end or elbow of an open triangular bay, hemmed on either side by shores, either cliff of steep earth-bank of no great height. The gray houses of Pulteney extend along the southerly shore to the cape; and it is about half-way down this shore—no, six-sevenths way down—that the new breakwater extends athwart the bay. Certainly Wick in itself possesses no beauty: bare gray shores, grim gray houses, grim gray sea; not even the gleam of red tiles; not even the greenness of a tree. The southerly heights, when I came here, were black with people, fishing waiting on wind and night. Now all the S. Y. S. (Stornoway boats) have beaten out of the bay, and the Wick men stay indoors, or wrangle on the quays with dissatisfied fish-curers, knee-high in brine, mud, and herring refuse. The day when the boats put out to go home to the Hebrides, the girl here told me there was ‘a black wind’; and on going out I found the epithet as justifiable as it was picturesque. A cold, black southerly wind, with occasional rising showers of rain; it was a fine sight to see the boats beat out a-teeth of it.

¹ From *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner’s Sons.

In Wick I have never heard any one greet his neighbor with the usual ‘Fine day !’ or ‘Good morning !’ Both come shaking their heads, and both say, ‘Breezy, breezy !’ And such is the atrocious quality of the climate that the remark is almost invariably justified by the fact.

The streets are full of the Highland fishers, lubberly, stupid, inconceivably lazy and heavy to move. You bruise against them, tumble over them, elbow them against the wall—all to no purpose ; they will not budge ; and you are forced to leave the pavement every step.

To the south, however, is as fine a piece of coast scenery as I ever saw. Great black chasms, huge black cliffs, rugged and overhung gullies, natural arches, and deep green pools below them, almost too deep to let you see the gleam of sand among the darker weed ; there are deep caves, too. In one of these lives a tribe of gipsies. The men are always drunk, simply and truthfully always. From morning to evening the great villainous-looking fellows are either sleeping off the last debauch, or hulking about the cove ‘in the horrors.’ The cave is deep, high, and airy, and might be made comfortable enough. But they just live among heaped boulders, damp with continual droppings from above, with no more furniture than two or three tin pans, a truss of rotten straw, and a few ragged cloaks. In winter the surf bursts into the mouth, and often forces them to abandon it.

An *émeute*¹ of disappointed fishers was feared, and two ships of war are in the bay to render assistance to the municipal authorities. This is the Ides ; and, to all intents and purposes, said Ides are passed. Still there is a good deal of disturbance, many drunk men, and a double supply of police. I saw them sent for by some people, and enter an inn in a pretty good hurry ; what it was for I do not know.

¹ Outbreak.—EDS.

You would see by papa's letter about the carpenter who fell off the staging; I don't think I was ever so much excited in my life. The man was back at his work, and I asked him how he was; but he was a Highlander, and — need I add it? — dickens a word could I understand of his answer. What is still worse, I find the people hereabout — that is to say, the Highlanders, not the northmen — don't understand me.

I have lost a shilling's worth of postage stamps, which has damped my ardor for buying big lots of 'em: I'll buy them one at a time as I want 'em for the future.

The Free Church minister and I got quite thick. He left last night about two in the morning, when I went to turn in. He gave me the enclosed.

I remain your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

LXVIII

Thomas Huxley to Matthew Arnold

MY DEAR ARNOLD :

26 Abbey Place, July 8th, [1869?]

Look at Bishop Wilson on the sin of covetousness, and then inspect your umbrella-stand. You will there see a beautiful brown smooth-handled umbrella which is NOT your property.

Think of what the excellent prelate would have advised, and bring it with you next time you come to the club. The porter will take care of it for me.

Ever yours faithfully,

T. H. HUXLEY.

LXIX

Lewis Carroll to Isabel —

The Chestnuts, Guildford, August 22, 1869.

MY DEAR ISABEL :

Though I have only been acquainted with you for fifteen minutes, yet as there is no one else in Reading I have known so long, I hope you will not mind my troubling you. Before I met you in the Gardens yesterday I bought some old books at a shop in Reading, which I left to be called for, and had not time to go back for them. I did not even remark the name of the shop, but I can tell *where* it was, and if you know the name of the woman who keeps the shop, and would put it into the blank I have left in this note, and direct it to her, I should be much obliged. . . . A friend of mine, called Mr. Lewis Carroll, tells me he means to send you a book. He is a *very* dear friend of mine. I have known him all my life—we are the same age—and have *never* left him. Of course he was with me in the Gardens, not a yard off—even while I was drawing those puzzles for you. I wonder if you saw him?

Your fifteen-minute friend,

C. L. DODGSON.

LXX

Alfred Tennyson to John White

DEAR SIR :

Farringford, March 8th, 1870.

Your present¹ has rather amazed me, though not unpleasantly; so I accept it with thanks, and I will sit by the ‘blue

¹ ‘He received from a stranger, Mr. John White of Cowes, a melancholy letter, and a present of a cart-load of wood—old oak from one of the broken-up men-of-war.’

light' gratefully, and hope for you that your light may be no longer 'low,' and if you ever come my way I shall be glad to see you.

Yours faithfully,

A. TENNYSON.

LXXI

Phillips Brooks to Weir Mitchell

MY DEAR WEIR :

Meran, Tyrol, August 14, 1870.

Cooper and I have been spending a week among the Dolomite Mountains in the very heart of Tyrol, and we have wished so often that you were with us that I have been much put in mind of you all the week, and now that we have climbed up into the nest of vineyards for Sunday, I am going to do what I have meant to do ever since we got among the hills, and write a report of myself. The hills have been too many for me. They have piled in by the hundreds, and buried my best intentions of letter-writing — hills of all sorts, big and little, Swiss and Tyrolean, grassy and snowy, with glaciers and without glaciers, each sort always fiercer than the sort before it, and last of all these wonderful Dolomites, perhaps the most wonderful thing in the way of mountains that I have ever seen. They lie in a vast group to the east of the Great Brenner road, and to the south of the Puster — that which runs through Tyrol from west to east. The great Ampezzo road into Italy runs right through their midst. They shoot up singly or in vast groups and ranges, sheer masses of rock — black, red, or dazzling white — three, four, five thousand feet into the sky, with tops indescribably broken into spires and towers and castles, with great buttresses against their sides, and acres of snow upon their sloping roofs. Between the groups, right from their very feet, start down the most exquisite steep, green

valleys overrunning with luxuriant cultivation, with picturesque villages clinging to their sides, and wild brooks brawling along their bottoms. From valley to valley you climb over steep meadowy passes standing between two of the giants at the top. Everywhere grand views are opening of the great Marmolata, which is the king of all these mountains, with his miles of snow. The constant contrast of wild, rugged majesty with the perfect softness and beauty of the valleys is very fascinating. The mountains get their name, oddly enough, from a certain M. Dolomieu. He did n't make them, but some years ago he first discovered what they were made of. I believe it is some peculiar preparation of magnesia. I wonder if some day a metaphysician — or, if the materialist people are right, a physician — of the future finds out at last what this human nature of ours is made of, whether the whole race will be named over again for him, and we shall all have to be called by his name for ever and ever. How the mountains must have laughed, or frowned, at the poor little Frenchman who said, 'I have found out that you are magnesia, and so you must be called Dolomites eternally!'

The southern Tyroleans are very interesting people. There is a pleasant mixture of German and Italian in their character, as there is in their dress and language and look. They are very cheerful and very industrious, the men handsome, and many of the young women pretty. Their beds are short, and the bread is awful, but they always give you your candle with a 'May you sleep well!' and tell you that dinner is ready with a 'May you dine well!' that makes the footboard seem a little softer, and the bread not quite so musty. If you are unfortunate enough to sneeze, the whole country takes off its hat, and 'God bless you!' resounds from every Dolomite in the land. Here on Sunday they are sunning themselves in the pleasant gardens of the Meran, looking as picturesque as

possible with their tall hats and red jackets and big green suspenders and great embroidered belts and bare knees and black breeches. They are thoroughly hospitable, and help a fellow out with his imperfect vocabulary by generally knowing just what he wants, or at any rate what is the best for him to have. If you could see the route that Cooper and I have come over, you would know that a very little German can go a great way in Tyrol.

Meanwhile this disheartening war goes on, and we hear of it at intervals in the mountains. These Austrians hate both sides so thoroughly that any news of battle is welcome to them, because one side is beaten and some of their enemies are killed. The great battle of last week, and the unexpected rout of the French, has changed the look of things. With Paris in his rear already sizzling with revolution, and the Prussian cavalry afront of Metz, it does seem possible that this war may be the suicide of the wretch who has brought it on, with all its horrors, so needlessly and wickedly. It seems to me that nothing could make one so despondent about human nature and the world, who was inclined that way, as just such a war as this, coming at this time of the day in history.

Cooper sends you his love, and wishes you had been with us among these Dolomites. The poor fellow is groaning over a letter in the next room. He and I are alone now. Newton was with us for ten days, and I liked him exceedingly. We go hence by Innsbrück, then by the Finstermunz and Stelvio passes into Italy, then through the Engadine north again; and I go to Paris if I can get there. I said on the 10th of September. I hope to find at Innsbrück the letter you promised me from the Pictured Rocks. I hope you have had a good summer. God bless you always.

P. B.

LXXII

Matthew Arnold to his Mother

MY DEAREST MOTHER :

The Athenæum, March 20, 1871.

I send you an Edinburgh note, which [you] may burn after it has shown you what faithful hearts are scattered about the world, and another from Deutsch, the Talmud man, which is worth keeping as an autograph, if Fan can muster energy to have the autograph book put in a proper state, and to go on with it. I find it very useful and interesting to know the signification of names, and had written to ask him whether *Jerusalem* meant 'the vision of peace' or 'the foundation of peace'; either meaning is beautiful, but I wished for the first, as the more beautiful. However, you will see what he says. I should have written to you yesterday, but was taken out for a walk by the little girls.

Our white violets have spread and prospered, but one of the young Harrow masters has found them out, and has been unprincipled enough to carry off some plants, for which I gave it him well yesterday, catching him almost in the act, and coming away with his spoil. I know of but one clump of blue violets near Harrow, and that is kept well picked by village children. However, we found one or two in it, to the little girls' great delight. Tell Fan the daffodils respect themselves too much to blossom in our dull soil, and are all running to leaf without any flower.

What news from Paris! One hardly knows what to wish, except that the present generation of Frenchmen may pass clean away as soon as possible, and be replaced by a better one. I am not sorry that the English sightseers, who, with the national vulgarity, have begun to flock over to the show of fallen Paris and France, should be put to a little fright and inconvenience. One thing is certain — that, miserable as it

is for herself, there is no way by which France can make the rest of Europe so alarmed and uneasy as by a socialistic and red republic. It is a perpetual flag to the proletaire class everywhere — the class which makes all governments uneasy. I doubt whether the Departments will have the energy to coerce Paris; they would like to, but they have never done it yet.

Your ever affectionate

M. A.

LXXIII

R. W. Emerson to Alfred Tennyson

MY DEAR MR. TENNYSON :

January 21, 1872.

I cannot let my daughter pass through London without tasking your benevolence to give her the sight of your face. Her husband, Col. Wm. H. Forbes — himself a good soldier in the Massachusetts Volunteers in the War of the Rebellion — and Edith set forth to-morrow for England, France, and Italy, and I of course shall not think that they see England unless they see you. I pray you to gratify them and me so far. You shall not write a line the less, and I shall add this grace to your genius. With kindest remembrance of my brief meeting with you,

Yours always,

R. W. EMERSON.

LXXIV

R. L. Stevenson to his Father¹

Frankfurt, Rosengasse 13, August 4th, 1872.
MY DEAR FATHER :

You will perceive by the head of this page that we have at last got into lodgings, and powerfully mean ones too. If I

¹ From *Other Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

were to call the street anything but shady, I should be boasting. The people sit at their doors in shirt-sleeves, smoking as they do in Seven Dials of a Sunday.

Last night we went to bed about ten, for the first time householders in Germany — real Teutons, with no deception, spring, or false bottom. About half-past one there began such a trumpeting, shouting, pealing of bells, and scurrying hither and thither of feet as woke every person in Frankfurt out of their fast sleep with a vague sort of apprehension that the last day was at hand. The whole street was alive, and we could hear people talking in their rooms, or crying to passers-by from their windows, all around us. At last I made out what a man was saying in the next room. It was a fire in Sachsenhausen, he said — Sachsenhausen is the suburb on the other side of the Main — and he wound up with one of the most tremendous falsehoods on record, ‘Hier alles ruht — here all is still.’ If it can be said to be still in an engine factory, or in the stomach of a volcano when it is meditating an eruption, he might have been justified in what he said, but not otherwise. The tumult continued unabated for near an hour ; but as one grew to it, it gradually resolved itself into three bells, answering each other at short intervals across the town, a man shouting, at ever shorter intervals and with superhuman energy, ‘Feuer im Sachsenhausen,’ and the almost continuous winding of all manner of bugles and trumpets, sometimes in stirring flourishes, and sometimes in mere tuneless wails. Occasionally there was another rush of feet past the window, and once there was a mighty drumming, down between us and the river, as though the soldiery were turning out to keep the peace. This was all we had of the fire, except a great cloud, all flushed red with the glare, above the roofs on the other side of the Gasse ; but it was quite enough to put me entirely off my sleep and make me keenly alive to three or four gentlemen who were strolling

leisurely about my person, and every here and there leaving me somewhat as a keepsake. . . . However, everything has its compensation, and when day came at last, and the sparrows awoke with trills and carol-ets, the dawn seemed to fall on me like a sleeping draught. I went to the window and saw the sparrows about the eaves, and a great troop of doves go strolling up the paved Gasse, seeking what they may [*sic*] devour. And so to sleep, despite fleas and fire-alarms and clocks chiming the hours out of neighbouring houses at all sorts of odd times and with the most charming want of unanimity.

We have got settled down in Frankfurt, and like the place very much. Simpson and I seem to get on very well together. We suit each other capitally; and it is an awful joke to be living — two would-be advocates, and one a baronet — in this supremely mean abode. The abode is, however, a great improvement on the hotel, and I think we shall grow quite fond of it.

Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. STEVENSON.

LXXV

Henry W. Longfellow to Alfred Tennyson

MY DEAR TENNYSON :

Cambridge, Nov. 27th, 1877.

Accept this brief Christmas greeting from me, with all good wishes for yourself and household.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LXXVI

Matthew Arnold to his Sister

Cobham, Sunday, [May 25, 1879].

MY DEAREST FAN :

Fanny Lucy is gone to church, and I am alone in the house. Geist finds me dull, and has begged me to let him out into the garden ; now he has had his bark at the thrushes, and I hear him pattering upstairs to bed, his invariable resource when he is bored or sorrowful. The girls are at Harrow, as you know.

It has been a most beautiful day, and the foliage is almost all out, and now in a day or two we shall have the May and the chestnut blossom. I have never known the birds so rich and strong in their singing : I had two blackbirds and three thrushes running about together on the grass under my window as I was getting up yesterday morning, and a stock-dove has built her nest in the leaning ivied fir-tree which you will remember, between the house and the stables. So there is plenty of music, and the cuckoo comes in amidst it all. I am told by the natives that the nightingale used always to build in the shrubberies of the cottage, but she has given up that good habit ; however, all round us the nightingales positively swarm. We dined at Effingham last night, and twice as we drove home the man stopped to call our attention to the chorus of nightingales. At one place, a thicket just before entering upon Effingham Common, they were almost maddeningly beautiful. It is a great loss to the North and the South-west of England not to have them ; their extraordinary effectiveness is shown by even the poor people being so much interested about them, and always knowing their habits and their haunts. I should like to have you here for the cowslips and the nightingales ; and it really must be arranged next year, if we live. The effect of reading so much of Wordsworth lately has been to make me feel more .

keenly than usual the beauty of the common incidents of the natural year, and I am sure that is a good thing.

I have got a week before me which I don't much care about : three dinners in London, and I am to be taken to the Derby by George Smith. He offered to take me and show me the whole thing, and it seems absurd never to have seen such a famous sight, but at present I look forward to the day as a boring one, and wish it was over.

I think about the Irish University Question I have effected some real good. You saw Lowe's speech, and Sir Louis Mallet told me that Bright was dining with him the other night, and said there was not a word of my argument for the Catholics which did not carry him thoroughly along with it. Now good-bye, my dearest Fan. How I wish we had you here with us !

Your ever most affectionate

M. A.

LXXVII

R. L. Stevenson to W. E. Henley¹

MY DEAR HENLEY :

Crossing Nebraska, (1879).

I am sitting on the top of the cars with a mill party from Missouri going west for his health. Desolate flat prairie upon all hands. Here and there a herd of cattle ; a yellow butterfly or two ; a patch of wild sunflowers ; a wooden house or two ; then a wooden church alone in miles of waste ; then a windmill to pump water. When we stop, which we do often, for emigrants and freight travel together — the kine first, the men after — the whole plain is heard singing with cicadæ. This is a pause, as you may see from the writing. What happened to the old pedestrian emigrants, what was the tedium suffered by the Indians and trappers of our youth, the

¹ From *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

imagination trembles to conceive. This is now Saturday, 23rd, and I have been steadily traveling since I parted from you at St. Pancras. It is a strange vicissitude from the Savile Club to this: I sleep with a man from Pennsylvania who has been in the States navy, and mess with him and the Missouri bird already alluded to. We have a tin wash-bowl among four. I wear nothing but a shirt and a pair of trousers, and never button my shirt. When I land for a meal, I pass my coat and feel dressed. This life is to last till Friday, Saturday, or Sunday next. It is a strange affair to be an emigrant, as I hope you shall see in a future work. I wonder if this will be legible; my present station on the wagon roof, though airy compared to the cars, is both dirty and insecure. I can see the track straight before and straight behind me to either horizon. Peace of mind I enjoy with extreme serenity; I am doing right; I know no one will think so; and don't care. My body, however, is all to whistles; I don't eat; but, man, I can sleep. The car in front of mine is chock full of Chinese.

Monday. What it is to be ill in an emigrant train let those declare who know. I slept none till late in the morning, overcome with laudanum, of which I had luckily a little bottle. All to-day I have eaten nothing, and only drunk two cups of tea, for each of which, on the pretext that the one was breakfast and the other dinner, I was charged fifty cents. Our journey is through ghostly deserts, sage-brush and alkali, and rocks without form or color, a sad corner of the world. I confess I am not jolly, but mighty calm, in my distresses. My illness is a subject of great mirth to some of my fellow-travelers, and I smile rather sickly at their jests.

We are going along Bitter Creek just now, a place infamous in the history of emigrants, a place I shall remember myself among the blackest. I hope I may get this posted at Ogden, Utah.

R. L. S.

LXXVIII

R. L. Stevenson to Charles Baxter¹

608 Bush Street, San Francisco, Jan. 26, '80.

MY DEAR CHARLES :

I have to drop from a 50-cent to a 25-cent dinner ; to-day begins my fall. That brings down my outlay in food and drink to 45 cents, or 1s. 10½d. per day. How are the mighty fallen ! Luckily, this is such a cheap place for food; I used to pay as much as that for my first breakfast in the Savile in the grand old palmy days of yore. I regret nothing, and do not even dislike these straits, though the flesh will rebel on occasion. It is to-day bitter cold, after weeks of lovely warm weather, and I am all in a chitter. I am about to issue for my little shilling and halfpenny meal, taken in the middle of the day, the poor man's hour ; and I shall eat and drink to your prosperity.

Ever yours,

R. L. S.

LXXIX

Edward Fitzgerald to Frederic Tennyson

MY DEAR OLD FREDERIC :

Dec., 1881.

I must not let Christmas and the Old Year pass away without a loving word from me. You know that I have but little more to say, for I have seen and heard less all this year than any year before, I think ; and have at present little new to report of my own personal condition. Let me hear at least as much, and as well, of yourself.

I wrote to Alfred a month or so ago ; and was answered — for a wonder — by Hallam from Aldworth, telling me that all

¹ From *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

were pretty well, his father ‘walking and working as usual.’ They — Hallam and he — had not long before been a trip to Stratford-on-Avon and Sherwood Forest, finding the latter such a piece of Old England as Washington Irving had described. I suppose they went before that October gale half stripped the trees, even the oaks, for which Sherwood is celebrated. Perhaps, however, the gale did not rage there as hereabout it did — blowing down four of the best of my few trees. And another gale about a month ago blew down palings, and even wall, for me. You can tell me how it fared with you in Jersey, from over which the wind came. . . .

I suppose that you in Jersey have had no winter yet; for even here thrushes pipe a little, anemones make a pale show, and I can sit in my indoor clothing on a bench without, so long as the sun shines. I can read but little, and count of my boy’s coming at night to read Sir Walter Scott, or some travel or biography, that amuses him as well as me. We are now beginning *The Fortunes of Nigel*, which I had not expected to care for, and shall possibly weary of before it ends; but the outset is nothing less than *delightful* to me. I think that Miss Austen, George Eliot, and Co. have not yet quite extinguished him, in his later lights.

Now, my dear old friend, I will shut up shop before Christmas.

Ah ! I sincerely wish you were here ; and I do remain, what for so many years I have been,

Your affectionate

OLD FITZ.

LXXX

Edward Fitzgerald to W. F. Pollock

MY DEAR POLLOCK :

Woodbridge, October 20, '82.

Pray let me hear how you and yours are after your summer holiday. I have been no further for mine than Aldeburgh, an hour's distance from here ; there I got out boating, etc., and I think became the more hearty in consequence ; but my bosom friend bronchitis puts in a reminder every now and then, and, I suppose, will come out of his closet, or chest, when winter sets in.

When I was at Aldeburgh, Professor Fawcett . . . came to see Aldis Wright, who was with me there for a day. When Wright was gone, the professor came to smoke a pipe — in his case a cigar — with me. What a brave, unpretending fellow ! I should never have guessed that a notable man in any way. 'Brave,' too, I say, because of his cheerful blindness, for which I should never have forgiven my father and his gun. To see him stalking along the beach regardless of pebble and boulder, though with some one by his side to prevent his going quite to sea ! He was on the eve of starting for Scotland — in the dear Tweed, I think ; though he scarce seemed to know much of Sir Walter.

LXXXI

Phillips Brooks to Charles D. Cooper

DEAR COOPER :

Chedambaram, February 22nd, 1883.

In case you do not know where Chedambaram is, I will tell you that it is just ten miles from Vaithisvarankoil, and it is hotter than Philadelphia in fly-time. I have been celebrating the birthday of Mr. Washington by firing off bottles of soda water all the morning, ever since we came in from our early

visit to the wonderful pagoda, which is the marvel of this beautiful heathen town. The only way to see things here in Southern India is to start at daybreak, when the country is cool, and lovelier than anything you can imagine. The palm-trees are waving in the early breeze. The elephants go crushing along with painted trunks and gilded tusks. The pretty Hindu girls are drawing water at the wells under the banana groves. The naked children are frolicking in the dust of the bazaars. The old men and women are drinking their early cocoanut, and you jolt along on the straw in your creaking bullock-cart, as jolly as a rajah. So we went this morning to do homage to the false gods. Vishnu had gone off on a pilgrimage, and his shrine was empty, but Siva was at home, and the howling devotees were in the middle of the morning service. They must have been about at the second lesson when we arrived, but, owing to the peculiar character of their language, it was not easy to make out just what stage of the morning exercises they had reached. But it did n't much matter, for immediately on our arrival the worship stopped where it was, and the officiating clergyman came forward and ridiculously presented us with a lime each, and then tried to put a garland of flowers about our Christian necks. This last attention I refused, with indignation at his making a heathen so summarily out of a respectable presbyter of the P. E. Church from Bishop Paddock's diocese. He gracefully intimated that he did n't mind my being mad, but would pocket the insult—or do whatever a fellow does who has no pocket, or indeed anything else except a dirty rag about his loins—provided I gave him the rupee which he expected, all the same. While I was doing this there was a noise like seven pandemoniums outside, and soon in through the gate came a wild crowd of savages yelling like fiends, and carrying on their shoulders a great platform, on which was a big brass idol, all daubed with grease and hung

with flowers. This was Vishnu, just returned from his sea-bath, and in front of him came the craziest band of music, made up of lunatics banging on tom-toms, and screeching away on brazen trumpets three feet long. We saw the ugly divinity safe in his shrine, and left the pagans yelling in their joy at getting their ugly image safely home.

By this time the sun was blazing, as I said, and we came home to the bungalow which does duty for a tavern, and set a small Hindu to pulling away at a punkah rope at the cost of three cents a day. Then we cut up our sacred limes, and poured soda water on the juice of them, and made a drink which I advise you to try if ever you have to spend a hot day in Chedambaram. Then we breakfasted on rice and curry and fried bananas, and then I thought I would write to you, and send you my blessing out of the depths of this Hindu darkness.

I can't tell you what a delightful thing this Indian trip has been. From the snows of the Himalayas down to these burning and luxuriant tropics, from the wonderful beauty of the exquisite Taj of the Mohammedan Emperor at Agra down to the grotesque splendor of this great Brahmin sanctuary which we have seen to-day, everything has been fascinating. Oh, if you and McVickar and George Strong had been with me all the way ! I have had a pleasant young companion, who has behaved beautifully except when he got the smallpox in Delhi, and kept us there two weeks. But Delhi is, after all, the most interesting place in India, and if he was going to do it he could not have chosen a better place. We were guests there of some fine young English missionaries, who behaved splendidly under the affliction which we brought down upon them, and I went about with them and saw the ins and outs of missionary life, which, when the right men are at it, is a splendid thing.

The hot season has set in within the last few days, and we must be away, but I shall leave these gentle Hindus and their

lovely land with regret. Now we are on our way to Ceylon, and two weeks from to-day we sail from Colombo back to Suez, and then comes Spain.

Are you right well, old fellow, and does the dear old study look just the way it used to do, and are you counting as much as I am the time when we shall meet again there at General Convention, and talk it all over, and abuse the ——s in the dear old way?

Ever and ever yours,

P. B.

LXXXII

Lewis Carroll to Mrs. Hargreaves

Christ Church, December 21, 1883.

DEAR MRS. HARGREAVES :

Perhaps the shortest day in the year is not *quite* the most appropriate time for recalling the long dreamy summer afternoons of ancient times ; but, anyhow, if this book gives you half as much pleasure to receive as it does me to send, it will be a success indeed.

Wishing you all happiness at this happy season, I am

Sincerely yours,

C. L. DODGSON.

LXXXIII

James R. Lowell to C. E. Norton¹

Deerfoot Farm, Sept. 11, 1885.

. . . I got home safely, bearing constantly in mind our modern version of the Spartan mother's parting words to her son — 'with your portmanteau, or on it' — for, as I had a special check and a very complicated ticket, I felt myself walking in

¹ Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

a series of pitfalls and ambushes, where every baggage-smasher was a secret foe. I waited three hours at Fitchburg, and whiled away my time by eating a very durable substitute for what is elsewhere called a beefsteak, and in visiting the principal objects of interest, including the cathedral and picture-galleries. I saw also several sign-boards which promised well for the future of Fitchburgian art.

My hills here in Southborough I found lower than I left them, but they are growing daily, and will be as tall as ever in a few days. I find I was right in falling so deeply in love with the 'June grass.' We have it here, as I thought, but it has n't the same fine effects of color. I can't account for it, but the fact is so. Nature has these partialities, and makes no scruple of showing them. But we do very well, all the same. I climbed one of my hills yesterday afternoon, and took a sip of Wachusett, who was well content that Monadnock was out of the way. How lucky our mountains — many of them — are in their names, though they must find it hard to live up to them sometimes! The Anglo-Saxon sponsor would Nicodemus 'em to nothing in no time.

I found a bushel of cold letters awaiting me here, and I have spent most of my time with my hands across, gazing in despair at the outside of them. I am thinking seriously of getting a good forger from the State's Prison to do my autographs, but I suppose the unconvicted followers of the same calling would raise the cry of convict labor. Ashfield would be perfect, but that it has a post-office. That fly would corrupt a pot of ointment as the cup of her horizon. . . .

LXXXIV

R. L. Stevenson to his Mother¹

MY DEAR MOTHER : British Museum, (August 10, 1886).

We are having a capital holiday, and I am much better, and enjoying myself to the nines. Richmond is painting my portrait. To-day I lunch with him, and meet Burne-Jones; to-night Browning dines with us. That sounds rather lofty work, does it not? His path was paved with celebrities. To-morrow we leave for Paris, and next week, I suppose, or the week after, come home. Address here, as we may not reach Paris. I am really very well.

Ever your affectionate son,

R. L. S.

LXXXV

*R. L. Stevenson to Sidney Colvin*¹

Yacht *Casco*, Anaho Bay, Nukahiva

MY DEAR COLVIN : Marquesas Islands (July, 1888).

From this somewhat—ahem!—out-of-the-way place I write to say 'How d' ye do?' It is all a swindle: I chose these isles as having the most beastly population, and they are far better and far more civilized than we. I know one old chief Ko-o-amua, a great cannibal in his day, who ate his enemies even as he walked home from killing 'em, and he is a perfect gentleman, and exceedingly amiable and simple-minded; no fool, though.

The climate is delightful, and the harbor where we lie one of the loveliest spots imaginable. Yesterday evening we

¹ From *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

had near a score of natives on board ; lovely parties. We have a native god ; very rare now. Very rare, and equally absurd to view.

This sort of work is not favorable to correspondence : it takes me all the little strength I have to go about and see, and then come home and note, the strangeness around us. I shouldn't wonder if there came trouble here some day, all the same. I could name a nation that is not beloved in certain islands — and it does not know it ! Strange ; like ourselves, perhaps, in India ! Love to all, and much to yourself.

R. L. S.

LXXXVI

R. L. Stevenson to Tom Archer¹

Tautira, Island of Tahiti, (November, 1888).

DEAR TOMARCHER :

This is a pretty state of things ! seven o'clock and no word of breakfast ! and I was awake a good deal last night, for it was full moon, and they had made a great fire of cocoanut husks down by the sea, and, as we have no blinds or shutters, this kept my room very bright. And then the rats had a wedding or a school-feast under my bed. And then I woke early, and I have nothing to read except Virgil's *Aeneid*, which is not good fun on an empty stomach, and a Latin dictionary, which is good for naught, and, by some humorous accident, your dear papa's article on Skerryvore. And I read the whole of that, and very impudent it is, but you must not tell your dear papa I said so, or it might come to a battle in which you might lose either a dear papa or a valued correspondent, or both, which would be prodigal. And still no breakfast ; so I said, 'Let's write to Tomarcher.'

¹ From *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a much better place for children than any I have hitherto seen in these seas. The girls—and sometimes the boys—play a very elaborate kind of hop-scotch. The boys play horses exactly as we do in Europe, and have very good fun on stilts, trying to knock each other down, in which they do not often succeed. The children of all ages go to church, and are allowed to do what they please, running about the aisles, rolling balls, stealing mamma's bonnet and publicly sitting on it, and at last going to sleep in the middle of the floor. I forgot to say that the whips to play horses, and the balls to roll about the church—at least I never saw them used elsewhere—grow ready-made on trees; which is rough on toy-shops. The whips are so good that I wanted to play horses myself; but no such luck! my hair is gray, and I am a great, big, ugly man. The balls are rather hard, but very light and quite round. When you grow up and become offensively rich, you can charter a ship in the port of London, and have it come back to you entirely loaded with these balls; when you could satisfy your mind as to their character, and give them away, when done with, to your uncles and aunts. But what I really wanted to tell you was this: besides the treetop toys—Hushaby, toy-shop, on the treetop!—I have seen some real *made* toys, the first hitherto observed in the South Seas.

This was how. You are to imagine a four-wheeled gig; one horse; in the front seat two Tahiti natives in their Sunday clothes: blue coat, white shirt, kilt—a little longer than the Scotch—of a blue stuff with big white or yellow flowers, legs and feet bare; in the back seat me and my wife, who is a friend of yours; under our feet plenty of lunch and things; among us a great deal of fun in broken Tahitian, one of the natives, the subchief of the village, being a great ally of mine. Indeed we have exchanged names, so that he is now called Rui, the nearest they can come to Louis, for they have no / and

no *s* in their language. Rui is six feet three in his stockings, and a magnificent man. We all have straw hats, for the sun is strong. We drive between the sea, which makes a great noise, and the mountains ; the road is cut through a forest mostly of fruit-trees — the very creepers, which take the place of our ivy, heavy with a great and delicious fruit, bigger than your head and far nicer, called Barbedine. Presently we came to a house in a pretty garden, quite by itself, very nicely kept, the doors and windows open, no one about, and no noise but that of the sea. It looked like a house in a fairy tale, and just beyond we must ford a river, and there we saw the inhabitants. Just in the mouth of the river, where it met the sea waves, they were ducking and bathing and screaming together like a covey of birds : seven or eight little naked brown boys and girls as happy as the day was long ; and on the banks of the stream beside them, real toys — toy ships, full rigged, and with their sails set, though they were lying in the dust on their beam ends. And then I knew for sure they were all children in a fairy story, living alone together in that lonely house with the only toys in all the island ; and that I had myself driven, in my four-wheeled gig, into a corner of the fairy story ; and the next jolt the whole thing vanished, and we drove on in our seaside forest as before, and I have the honor to be Tomarcher's valued correspondent, Teriitera, which he was previously known as

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

LXXXVII

James R. Lowell to the Misses Lawrence¹

Elmwood, Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 2, 1890.

. . . Here I am again in the house where I was born longer ago than you can remember, though I wish you more New Year's days than I have had. 'T is a pleasant old house just about twice as old as I am, four miles from Boston, in what was once the country, and is now a populous suburb. But it still has some ten acres of open about it, and some fine old trees. When the worst comes to the worst—if I live so long—I shall still have four and a half acres left with the house, the rest belonging to my brothers and sisters or their heirs. It is a square house with four rooms on a floor, like some houses of the Georgian era I have seen in English provincial towns, only they are of brick and this of wood. But it is solid with its heavy oaken beams, the spaces between which in the four outer walls are filled in with brick, though you must n't fancy a brick-and-timber house, for outwardly it is sheathed with wood. Inside there is much wainscot—of deal—painted white in the fashion of the time when it was built. It is very sunny, the sun rising so as to shine—at an acute angle, to be sure—through the northern windows, and going round the other sides in the course of the day. There is a pretty staircase with the quaint old twisted banisters—which they call balusters now, but mine are banisters. My library occupies two rooms, opening into each other by arches at the sides of the ample chimneys. The trees I look out on are the earliest things I remember. There you have me in my new-old quarters. But you must not fancy a large house—rooms sixteen feet square, and, on the ground floor, nine high. It was

¹ Copyright, 1893, by Harper & Brothers.

large, as things went here, when it was built, and has a certain air of amplitude about it, as from some inward sense of dignity.

Now for out-of-doors. What do you suppose the thermometer is about on this second day of January? I was going to say he was standing on his head — at any rate he has forgotten what he's about, and is marking sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit on the north side of the house and in the shade! Where is that sense of propriety that once belonged to the seasons? This is flat communism, January insisting on going halves with May. News I have none, nor other resources, as you see, save those of the special correspondent, who takes to description when events fail. Yes, I have one event. I dine to-night with Mr. R. C. Winthrop, who remembers your father very well nearly sixty years ago.

I have all my grandchildren with me, five of them, and the eldest boy is already conspiring with a beard! It is awful, this stealthy advance of Time's insupportable foot. There are two ponies for the children, and two dogs, bull-turriers, and most amiable creatures. This is my establishment, and four of the weans have had the gripe. I remember it here in '31, I think it was. You see I make all I can of age's one privilege — that of having a drearier memory than other folks.

I forgot one thing. There are plenty of mice in the walls, and, now that I can't go to the play with you, I assist at their little tragedies and comedies behind the wainscot in the night hours, and build up plots in my fancy. 'T is a French company, for I hear them distinctly say 'wee, wee,' sometimes. My life, you see, is not without its excitements, and what are your London mice doing that is more important? I see you are to have a Parnell scandal at last, but I overheard an elopement the other night behind the wainscot, and the solicitors talking it over with the desolated husband afterwards. It was very exciting. Ten thousand grains of corn damages!

Good-by, and take care of yourselves till I come with the daffodils. I wish you both many a happy New Year, and a share for me in some of them. Poets seem to live long nowadays, and I, too, live in Arcadia after my own fashion.

Affectionately yours,

J. R. L.

LXXXVIII

Ellen G. Starr¹ to Sidney —.²

MY DEAR SIDNEY : Hull House, Chicago, October 10, 1904.

It is usually considered sufficient to write to the mother of the family and thank her for one's pleasant visit, but mine was so unusually pleasant that it does not seem too much to thank everybody separately. I began with the ladies, and now I have come to you. Tell Papa that I am even going to include him in time.

Your family arranges itself in a sort of symmetry, however it is set. I am moving you about in my mind now, and making pictures of you, as Mildred does of her king and queen, knights and bishops, on the chess-board. Probably you do, too. A boy who makes real knight's shields could hardly help it. You might some time decorate a room with a border of different shields. I have just thought of that. Of course you can draw a shield, since you can cut one out of wood and zinc. And as you have a heraldry book, you can make drawings of all the devices which particularly please you, or belong to knights and heroes you particularly like. When you have a good many, you can arrange them by some system, either according to time or according to shape and color, or both. And when you have

¹ Co-founder, with Jane Addams, of Hull House. — EDS.

² A boy of twelve. — EDS.

a room in which you can do as you please, as you will have, doubtless, when you are a little older, you can have a perfectly delightful time — or, as a young gentleman friend of mine expresses it, ‘a very perfect time’ — painting the frieze. I can quite see you on a ladder, doing it. I should not be in haste about it (beginning the frieze), even if the idea pleases you. It will take some time to paint enough shields. One rather good way would be to do them on separate pieces of card-board of uniform height, and then they could, if it seemed best, be fastened in place when you have enough. Perhaps it can be done at Greensboro ; and I might be able to help you if I go there to visit you next summer. I should learn a great deal, of course, for you would know all about the knights, families, towns, cathedrals, and what not, that the various devices belong to. Really, I am becoming quite insistent on your making this contribution to my education. The frieze would look very nice in a room with a plain wash of some sort. All the pictures, casts, and so forth, of persons and buildings or places connected with the frieze, you could put into the room. I have a —.

October 30. Fancy ! Twenty days ago this letter was begun ! I thought two sheets would certainly hold what I was moved to say to you at the first writing, but you see it did not. The room with the frieze grows in my imagination. All the pictures, casts, and so forth, of the personages, families, and so on, represented, which people give you, you could put into it. I have a friend — I think that is what I was about to say twenty days ago — who has a passion for everything relating to Jeanne d'Arc, and his friends renounce all their treasures pertaining to that subject in his favor. Naturally he knows all there is to be known about Jeanne d'Arc. Perhaps he ‘knows some things that are not so,’ but even that gives him intense pleasure.

If I keep on, I shall write a book ; and then, should you ever turn my enemy¹—which all the guardian angels prevent!—you will have me on the hip.² Ask Mildred where that expression came from.

Yours affectionately,

ELLEN G. STARR.

¹ No doubt with allusion to Job 31. 35 (Auth. Vers.).—EDS.

² See, for example, *Mer. of Ven.* 1. 3. 47; *Oth.* 2. 1. 314.—EDS.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

I

Cicero to his Wife and Family in Rome

Thessalonica, B.C. 58.

I send this, my dear Terentia, with much love to you, and my little Tullia, and my Marcus.

I hope you will never think that I write longer letters to other people, unless it so happens that any one has written to me about a number of matters that seem to require an answer. In fact, I have nothing to say, nor is there anything just now that I find more difficult. But to you and my dear little girl I cannot write without shedding many tears when I picture to myself as plunged in the deepest affliction, you whom my dearest wish has been to see perfectly happy ; and this I ought to have secured for you ; yes, and I would have secured, but for our being all so faint-hearted.¹

I am most grateful to our friend Piso² for his kind services. I did my best to urge that he would not forget you when I was writing to him, and have now thanked him as in duty bound. I gather that you think there is hope of the new tribunes ; that will be a safe thing to depend on if we may on the profession of Pompeius, but I have my fears of Crassus. It is true I see that everything on your part is done both bravely and lovingly, nor does that surprise me ; but what pains me is that

¹ Cicero was at this time in exile.—EDS.

² Tullia's husband.—EDS.

it should be my fate to expose you to such severe suffering to relieve my own. For Publius Valerius, who has been most attentive, wrote me word, and it cost me many tears in the reading, how you had been forced to go from the temple of Vesta¹ to the Valerian office.² Alas, my light, my love, whom all used once to look up to for relief! — that you, my Terentia, should be treated thus; that you should be thus plunged in tears and misery, and all through my fault! I have indeed preserved others, only for me and mine to perish.

As to what you say about our house — or rather its site — I for my part shall consider my restoration to be complete only when I find that it has been restored to me. But these things are not in our hands; what troubles me is that in the outlay which must be incurred, you, unhappy and impoverished as you are, must necessarily share. However, if we succeed in our object, I shall recover everything; but then, if ill fortune continues to persecute us, are you, my poor dear, to be allowed to throw away what you may have saved from the wreck? As to my expenses, I entreat you, my dearest life, to let other people, who can do so perfectly if they will, relieve you; and be sure, as you love me, not to let your anxiety injure your health, which you know is so delicate. Night and day you are always before my eyes! I can see you making every exertion on my behalf, and I fear you may not be able to bear it. But I know well that all our hopes are in you; so be careful of your health, that we may be successful in what you hope and are working for. As far as I know, there is nobody I ought to write to except those who write to me, or these whom you mention in your letters. Since you prefer it, I will

¹ Terentia had probably taken refuge, during the trouble attendant and consequent upon her husband's exile, with her half-sister Fabia, a vestal virgin.—EDS.

² Probably a bank or registry office, where Terentia had been compelled to go to give information about Cicero's property.—EDS.

not move any further from here, but I hope you will write to me as often as possible, especially if we have any surer grounds for hoping. Good-by, my darlings, good-by.

II

*Pliny to Fuscus*¹

You ask me how I spend the day at my Tuscan villa in summer-time. Well, I wake at my own sweet will, usually about the first hour, though it is often before, and rarely later. I keep my windows shut, for it is remarkable how, when all is still and in darkness, and I am withdrawn from all distracting influences and am left to myself, and free to do what I like, my thoughts are not led by my eyes, but my eyes by my thoughts ; and so my eyes, when they have nothing else to look at, only see the objects which are present before my mind. If I have anything on hand, I think it over, and weigh every word as carefully as though I were actually writing or revising, and in this way I get through more or less work, according as the subject is easy or difficult to compose and bear in mind. I call for a shorthand writer, and, after letting in the daylight, I dictate the passage which I have composed ; then he leaves me, and I send for him again, and once again dismiss him.

At the fourth or fifth hour, according as the weather tempts me — for I have no fixed and settled plan for the day — I betake myself to my terrace or covered portico, and there again I resume my thinking and dictating. I ride in my carriage, and still continue my mental occupation, just as when I am walking or lying down. My concentration of thought is unaffected, or rather is refreshed by the change. Then I snatch a brief sleep, and again walk, and afterwards read aloud

¹ About 108 A.D. — Eds.

a Greek or Latin speech, as clearly and distinctly as I can, not so much to exercise the vocal organs as to help my digestion, though it does at the same time strengthen my voice. I take another walk, then I am anointed, and take exercise and a bath. While I am at dinner, if I am dining with my wife or a few friends, a book is read to us, and afterwards we hear a comic actor or a musician ; then I walk with my attendants, some of whom are men of learning. Thus the evening is passed away with talk on all sorts of subjects, and even the longest day is soon done.

Sometimes I vary this routine, for, if I have been lying down, or walking for any length of time, as soon as I have had my sleep and read aloud, I ride on horseback instead of in a carriage, as it takes less time, and one gets over the ground faster. My friends come in from the neighboring towns to see me, and monopolize part of the day, and occasionally when I am tired I welcome their call as a pleasant relief. Sometimes I go hunting, but never without my tablets, so that though I may take no game, I still have something to bring back with me. Part of my time, too, is given to my tenants — though in their opinion not enough — and their clownish complaints give me a fresh zest for my literary work and my round of engagements in town. Farewell.

III

Pliny to the Emperor Trajan¹

It is my custom, Sire, to refer to you in all cases when I do not feel sure, for who can better direct my doubts or inform my ignorance? I have never been present at any legal

¹ This is one of the letters written to Trajan while Pliny was governor of the province of Bithynia, 111 or 112 A.D.—EDS.

examination of the Christians, and I do not know, therefore, what are the usual penalties passed upon them, or the limits of those penalties, or how searching an inquiry should be made. I have hesitated a great deal in considering whether any distinctions should be drawn according to the ages of the accused ; whether the weak should be punished as severely as the more robust ; whether if they renounce their faith they should be pardoned, or whether the man who has once been a Christian should gain nothing by recanting ; whether the name itself, even though otherwise innocent of crime, should be punished, or only the crimes that gather round it.

In the meantime, this is the plan which I have adopted in the case of those Christians who have been brought before me. I ask them whether they are Christians ; if they say yes, then I repeat the question a second and a third time, warning them of the penalties it entails ; and if they still persist, I order them to be taken to prison. For I do not doubt that, whatever the character of the crime may be which they confess, their pertinacity and inflexible obstinacy certainly ought to be punished. There were others who showed similar mad folly, whom I reserved to be sent to Rome, as they were Roman citizens.¹ Subsequently, as is usually the way, the very fact of my taking up this question led to a great increase of accusations, and a variety of cases were brought before me. A pamphlet was issued anonymously, containing the names of a number of people. Those who denied that they were or had been Christians and called upon the gods in the usual formula, reciting the words after me, those who offered incense and wine before your image, which I had given orders to be brought forward for this purpose, together with the statues of the deities — all such I considered should be discharged, especially as they cursed the name of Christ, which, it said, those

¹ Compare the case of the Apostle Paul.—Eds.

who are really Christians cannot be induced to do. Others, whose names were given me by an informer, first said that they were Christians and afterwards denied it, declaring that they had been but were so no longer, some of them having recanted many years before, and more than one so long as twenty years back. They all worshiped your image and the statues of the deities, and cursed the name of Christ. But they declared that the sum of their guilt or their error only amounted to this,— that on a stated day they had been accustomed to meet before daybreak and to recite a hymn among themselves to Christ, as though he were a god, and that so far from binding themselves by oath to commit any crime, their oath was to abstain from theft, robbery, adultery, and breach of faith, and not to deny trust money placed in their keeping when called upon to deliver it. When this ceremony was concluded, it had been their custom to depart and meet again to take food, but it was of no special character and quite harmless, and they had ceased this practice after the edict in which, in accordance with your orders, I had forbidden all secret societies. I thought it the more necessary, therefore, to find out what truth there was in these statements by submitting two women, who were called deaconesses, to the torture, but I found nothing but a debased superstition carried to great lengths. So I postponed my examination, and immediately consulted you. The matter seems to me worthy of your consideration, especially as there are so many people involved in the danger. Many persons of all ages, and of both sexes alike, are being brought into peril of their lives by their accusers; and the process will go on, for the contagion of this superstition has spread not only through the free cities, but into the villages and the rural districts, and yet it seems to me that it can be checked and set right. It is beyond doubt that the temples, which have been almost deserted, are

beginning again to be thronged with worshipers, that the sacred rites which have for a long time been allowed to lapse are now being renewed, and that the food for the sacrificial victims is once more finding a sale, whereas, up to recently, a buyer was hardly to be found. From this it is easy to infer what vast numbers of people might be reclaimed if only they were given an opportunity of repentance.

IV

Trajan to Pliny¹

You have adopted the proper course, my dear Pliny, in examining into the cases of those who have been denounced to you as Christians, for no hard and fast rule can be laid down to meet a question of such wide extent. The Christians are not to be hunted out; if they are brought before you and the offense is proved, they are to be punished, but with this reservation — that if any one denies that he is a Christian, and makes it clear that he is not by offering prayers to our deities, then he is to be pardoned because of his recantation, however suspicious his past conduct may have been. But pamphlets published anonymously must not carry any weight whatever, no matter what the charge may be, for they are not only a precedent of the very worst type, but they are not in consonance with the spirit of our age.

¹ Answer to the foregoing. — EDS.

V

Madame de Sévigné to her Daughter¹

Paris, Monday, Dec. 15, 1670.

I am going to tell you a thing the most astonishing, the most surprising, the most marvelous, the most miraculous, the most magnificent, the most confounding, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the greatest, the least, the rarest, the most common, the most public, the most private till to-day, the most brilliant, the most enviable ; in short, a thing of which there is but one example in past ages, and that not an exact one neither ; a thing that we cannot believe in Paris — how then will it gain credit at Lyons ? — a thing which makes everybody cry, ‘Lord have mercy upon us !’ a thing which causes the greatest joy to Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauterive ; a thing, in fine, which is to happen on Sunday next, when those who are present will doubt the evidence of their senses ; a thing which, though it is to be done on Sunday, yet perhaps will be not finished on Monday. I cannot bring myself to tell you ; guess what it is ; I give you three times to do it in. What, not a word to throw at a dog ? Well then, I find I must tell you. Monsieur de Lauzun is to be married next Sunday at the Louvre, to — pray guess to whom ! I give you four times to do it in ; I give you six ; I give you a hundred. Says Madame de Coulanges, ‘It is really very hard to guess ; perhaps it is Madame de la Vallière.’ Indeed, Madam, it is not. ‘It is Mademoiselle de Retz, then.’ No, nor she neither ; you are extremely provincial. ‘Lord bless me,’ say you, ‘what stupid wretches we are ! it is Mademoiselle de Colbert all the while.’ Nay, now you are still farther from the mark. ‘Why then it must certainly be Mademoiselle de

¹ The Comtesse de Grignan.—EDS.

Crequy.' You have it not yet. Well, I find I must tell you at last. He is to be married next Sunday, at the Louvre, with the king's leave, to Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle de —, Mademoiselle — guess, pray, her name ; he is to be married to Mademoiselle, the great Mademoiselle ; Mademoiselle, daughter to the late Monsieur ; Mademoiselle, granddaughter of Henry IV ; Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, the king's cousin german, Mademoiselle, destined to the throne, Mademoiselle, the only match in France that was worthy of Monsieur. What glorious matter for talk ! If you should burst forth like a Bedlamite, say we have told you a lie, that it is false, that we are making a jest of you, and that a pretty jest it is without wit or invention ; in short, if you abuse us, we shall think you quite in the right ; for we have done just the same things ourselves. Farewell, you will find by the letters you receive this post whether we tell you truth or not.

VI

Madame de Sévigné to her Daughter

Paris, Friday, August 2, 1675.

I cannot help thinking, my dear, of the astonishment and grief you have felt at the death of M. de Turenne. Cardinal de Bouillon is inconsolable ; he heard it from a gentleman of Louvigny's, who, willing to be the first to make his compliments of condolence on the occasion, stopped his coach as he was coming from Pontoise to Versailles. The Cardinal did not know what to make of his discourse ; and the gentleman, on his part, finding he knew nothing of the matter, made off as fast as he could. The Cardinal immediately dispatched one of his people after him, and soon learned the

fatal news, at which he fainted ; he was carried back to Pontoise, where he has been these two days without eating a morsel, passing his whole time in tears and lamentations. Madame de Guénégand and Cavoye have been to see him, who are no less afflicted than himself. I have just written him a note, which I think pretty good. I informed him of your grief upon the occasion, both from the interest you take in all that concerns him, and from your esteem and admiration for the deceased hero. Pray do not forget to write to him yourself, for I think you write particularly well on such subjects ; in this case, indeed, you have nothing to do but give a loose to your pen. Paris is in a general consternation of grief at this great loss. We wait in great anxiety for another courier from Germany. Montecuculi, who was retreating, is returned back and doubtless hopes to profit not a little by an event so favorable for him.

It is said the troops uttered cries of grief that might have been heard at the distance of two leagues, when news was brought them of their general's death. No consideration could stop them ; they insisted upon being led immediately to the fight ; they were resolved to avenge the death of their father, their leader, their protector and defender ; while he was with them, they said, they feared no danger, and were determined to avenge his death. ‘So lead us on,’ they cried ; ‘think not to stop us ; we are bent on the fight.’ This I had from a gentleman who belonged to M. de Turenne, and was sent from the camp to His Majesty. He was bathed in tears while he related this, and all the time that he related the circumstances of his master's death.

The ball struck M. de Turenne directly across the body. You may easily imagine he fell from his horse and expired ; but he had just life enough left to crawl a step or two forwards, and clinch his hands in the agonies of death ; and then

a cloak was thrown over the body. Boisguyot, which is the name of the person who gave us this account, never quitted him till he was carried, with as little noise as possible, to the nearest house.

VII

Madame de Sévigné to her Daughter

Gien, Friday 1, 1677.

We took a trip to-day after dinner which you would have been much pleased to take with us. In the afternoon we were to have taken leave of our good company, and set out each on a different road, some towards Paris, and others towards Autri. This good company, not being sufficiently prepared for this dismal separation, had not the power to support it, and would absolutely accompany us to Autri. We laid before them all the inconveniences attending such a step, but, being overpowered, were obliged to yield. We all passed the Loire at Châtillon; the weather was fine, and we were delighted to see the ferry-boat return to take in the carriages. Whilst we were on board, the conversation turned on the road to Autri; they told us it was two long leagues, consisting of rocks, woods, and precipices. We, who had been accustomed to such fine roads ever since we left Moulins, were somewhat alarmed at this account; and the good company and ourselves repassed the river, ready to die with laughing at this little alteration; all our people shared in the jest, and in this gay humor we took the road to Gien, where we all are at present. After consulting our pillows, which will in all likelihood advise us to make a bold stroke at a separation, we shall go, our good company their way, and we ours.

Yesterday evening, at Cone, we visited a real hell, in which are the forges of Vulcan. Here we found eight or ten

Cyclops forging, not armor for *Æneas*, but anchors for ships. You never saw the blows of hammers redound so exactly, nor with so beautiful a cadence. We were in the midst of four furnaces ; these demons sometimes surrounded us on all sides, melting in sweat, with pale faces, glaring eyes, mustachios like bears, long, black, and bushy hair ; this was a sight to terrify persons less polite than ourselves. For my own part, I saw no possibility of refusing to comply with the will and pleasure of these gentry in their infernal regions. At length we got out by the help of a shower of silver, with which we took care to refresh them, to facilitate our escape.

We saw, the evening before, at Nevers, the boldest race you ever beheld. Four ladies in a coach, happening to see us pass in ours, were seized with so strong a desire to behold us once more that they must needs get before us, whilst we were traveling on a road which was never intended for more than one carriage. My child, their coachman passed us so rashly and so closely as almost to brush our whiskers ; they were within two fingers' breadth of tumbling into the river ; we all cried out, ‘Lord have mercy !’ They burst into a laugh, and kept galloping on before and above us in so frightful a manner that we have scarce recovered from our panic to this hour. These, my child, are our most remarkable adventures ; for to tell you that the country is wholly occupied in the vintage would be no very surprising news in the month of September. Had you been in Noah’s case, as you said the other day, we should have been in no such dilemma.

I must say a word of my health : it is as good as you could wish ; the waters have performed wonders, and I find you have made a bugbear of the pump. Had I foreseen this, I should have been more on my guard how I mentioned it to you ; it gave me nothing like a headache, only I thought I felt my throat a little heated ; and as I did not sweat much

the first time, I held it certain that I had no need of that degree of perspiration I underwent last year, so I contented myself with large draughts, by which I find myself perfectly recovered ; there is nothing to compare with these waters.

VIII

Madame de Sévigné to her Daughter

Paris, Friday, December 24, 1688.

The marquis has been to Versailles alone, where he conducted himself extremely well ; he dined with M. du Maine at M. de Montausier's ; supped at Madame d'Armagnac's ; paid his court at all the *levées* and all the *couchées*. The Dauphin ordered him the wax candlestick ; in short, he is thrown into the world, and he acts his part well. He is in fashion, and never had any one so fortunate an introduction, nor so high a reputation, for I should never make an end were I to tell you of all who speak well of him. I am inconsolable to think you have not the pleasure of seeing and embracing him, as I do every day.

But does it not seem, while I am chatting with you so calmly, as if I had nothing to communicate ? Listen, listen, I say, to a piece of news that is scarcely worth the trouble of relating. The Queen of England and the Prince of Wales, with his nurse and a single servant to rock his cradle, are expected here to-morrow. The king has sent his carriages to meet them upon the road to Calais, where the queen arrived on Tuesday last, the 21st instant, accompanied by M. de Lauzun. M. Courtin, who is just returned from Versailles, gave us the following account yesterday at Madame de la Fayette's.

You know that M. de Lauzun resolved about six weeks ago to go over to England ; he could not better employ his leisure, and he did not desert the king of England, while every

one else betrayed or abandoned him. In short, on Sunday last, the 19th of this month, the king, who had formed his plan, went to bed as usual, dismissed those who still serve him, and rose an hour later to order a *valet de chambre* to introduce a man whom he would find at the door of the antechamber; this was M. de Lauzun. The king said to him: 'I entrust you with the care of the queen and my son; you must risk everything, and endeavor to conduct them to France.' M. de Lauzun thanked him, as you may suppose; but he desired to take a gentleman of Avignon with him, named St. Victor, known to possess great courage and merit. St. Victor took the little prince under his cloak; he was said to be at Portsmouth when he lay concealed in the palace. M. de Lauzun gave his hand to the queen — think what a leave-taking hers must have been with the king! — and, accompanied by the two women I have mentioned to you, they went into the street, and took a hackney coach. They afterward sailed down the river in a little boat, where they experienced such a tempest that they knew not what would become of them. At length, at the mouth of the Thames, they went on board a yacht, M. de Lauzun standing by the master, intending, if he proved a traitor, to throw him into the sea. But as he supposed he had only common passengers on board, which was most frequently the case, he carelessly sailed through fifty Dutch ships, who did not even notice this little bark; and thus protected by heaven, and sheltered from the threatened danger, she landed safely at Calais, where M. de Charost received the queen with all the respect imaginable. The courier, who brought the news yesterday at noon to the king, related all these particulars; and at the same time orders were sent to dispatch the king's carriages to meet this queen, and conduct her to Vincennes, which is fitting up for her. It is said the king will join her on the road.

This is the first volume of the romance ; the sequel you shall have immediately. We have just been assured that, to complete the adventure, M. de Lauzun, after having put the queen and prince safely into the hands of M. de Charost, proposed returning to England with St. Victor, to share the sad and miserable fate of the king. I admire M. de Lauzun's planet, which will again render his name brilliant at the very time it appeared to be sunk in oblivion. He carried 20,000 pistoles to the King of England. This, my child, is indeed a very noble and heroic action, and what completes it is his returning to a country where, according to all appearances, he will perish, either with the king, or by the rage into which he has thrown the people by the last stroke he has played upon them. I leave you to reflect upon this romance, and embrace you with more than common affection.

IX

Voltaire to Rousseau

August 30, 1755.

I have received, Sir, your new book against mankind,¹ and thank you for it. You will please men, to whom you tell the truth about themselves, but you will not reform them. It would be impossible to paint in more striking colors the horrors of human society, from which our ignorance and weakness are wont to promise themselves so many consolations. No one has ever employed so much cleverness in attempting to convert us into beasts ; one is actually tempted to go on all fours when he reads your book. However, as I have been out of practice for more than sixty years, I unfortunately cannot help feeling that it is impossible for me to resume it, and so leave this natural mode of locomotion to those who are

¹ The *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality among Men.*

more deserving of it than you and I. Neither can I embark in search of the savages of Canada, first, because the maladies with which I am afflicted keep me in the vicinity of the first physician¹ of Europe, and I should not find the same relief among the Missouri Indians ; and, secondly, because war has been carried into those parts,² and the example of our countries has rendered the savages almost as wicked as ourselves. I confine myself to being a peaceable savage in the solitude³ which I have chosen near your native place, where you yourself ought properly to be.

I agree with you that literature and science have sometimes caused much evil. The enemies of Tasso made of his life a tissue of misfortunes ; those of Galileo made him sigh in prison, at the age of seventy, for having known of the earth's motion — and what is more disgraceful, they constrained him to a recantation. From the moment your friends⁴ began the *Encyclopædic Dictionary*, those who dared to be their rivals qualified them as ‘Deists,’ ‘Atheists,’ and even as ‘Jansenists.’

If I dared to reckon myself among those whose works have had no other reward than persecution, I should point you to those who have been bent on my destruction from the day when I published the tragedy of *Œdipe*; a whole library of calumnies printed against me ; an ex-Jesuit priest,⁵ whom I

¹ Dr. Trouchin (1709–1781). He was a native of Geneva, and pupil of the celebrated Boerhaave.—EDS.

² This was the year of Braddock's defeat and the removal of the Acadians.—EDS.

³ Les Délices, just outside of Geneva, the birthplace of Rousseau.—EDS.

⁴ Of whom Diderot was the chief ; other contributors were D'Alembert, Montesquieu, Turgot, and Voltaire himself. The first volume was published in 1751.—EDS.

⁵ This was Desfontaines (1685–1745). Accused of an infamous crime, and thrown into prison, he would have been sentenced to the galleys for life had not Voltaire interceded for him, and obtained his release. Being brought on one

had rescued from the extremest punishment, rewarding me with defamatory libels for the service which I had rendered him ; a man still more depraved¹ printing my work, *The Age of Louis XIV*, with notes in which the densest ignorance spews forth the most infamous impostures ;² another who sells to a publisher chapters of a pretended *Universal History* under my name ; the publisher greedy enough to print this shapeless mass of blunders, false dates, mangled facts and names ; and, finally, men cowardly and malicious enough to impute to me the publication of this rhapsody. I should present to your vision the pestilent society of a species of men unknown to all antiquity, who, unable to adopt an honest employment, whether as laborer or as lackey, and unfortunately knowing how to read and write, become courtiers of literature, live upon our works, steal manuscripts, disfigure them, and sell them. I should add that, to crown all, I have been pillaged of part of the materials which I had collected in the public archives when I was historiographer of France, to serve in the composition of the *History of the War of 1741* ; that this fruit of my labor was sold to a Parisian publisher ; that people wrangle over my property as if I were already dead ; and that they deface it, in order to put it up at auction. I should paint for you ingratitude, imposture, and rapine pursuing me for forty years to the very foot of the Alps, to the very verge of my tomb. But what shall I conclude from all these tribulations ? That I ought not to complain ; that Pope, Descartes, Boyle, Camoens, and a hundred more, have endured the same injustices, and even greater ones ; that this occasion before D'Argenson, Intendant of Paris, to answer some accusation, he sought to excuse himself by saying, ‘ But I must live ’ ; to this D'Argenson made the famous reply, ‘ I don't see that you must ’ (*Je n'en vois pas la nécessité*).—EDS.

¹ La Beaumelle (1726–1775).—EDS.

² For this he was sent to the Bastille.—EDS.

fate is that of nearly every one who has been allured too far by the love of literature.

Confess after all, Sir, that these are petty private griefs which society at large scarcely observes. What does it signify to mankind that a few drones pillage the honey of a few bees? Authors make great ado over all these little squabbles, but the rest of the world ignores them, or turns them into a jest.

Of all the plagues which afflict human life, these are the least baneful. The thorns attached to literature and to a trifle of reputation are but flowers in comparison with other evils, which, from time immemorial, have deluged the earth. Confess that neither Cicero, nor Varro, nor Lucretius, nor Virgil, nor Horace, had the least part in the proscriptions. Marius was an ignoramus; Sylla the barbarian, Antony the glutton, Lepidus the imbecile, did not pore over Plato and Sophocles; and as for that timorous tyrant, Octavius Cæpias,¹ so meanly surnamed Augustus, he was a detestable assassin only when he was deprived of the society of literary men.

Confess that Petrarch and Boccaccio did not set on foot the troubles of Italy, that the banter of Marot did not produce the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and that the tragedy of *The Cid* caused nothing more serious than the disorders of the Fronde. Great crimes have rarely been committed by any but famous blockheads. What makes, and always will make, this world a vale of tears is the insatiable cupidity and unconquerable pride of men, from Tahmasp Kuli Khan,² who could not read, to a clerk in the custom-house, who can do nothing but cast accounts. Literature nourishes, regulates, and consoles the mind; it ministers to you, Sir, at the very moment

¹ As this name Cæpias rests only on the authority of a single passage in Dio Cassius (45.1), writing in Greek, it has been plausibly conjectured that it is a clerical mistake for Cæsar.—EDS.

² Otherwise Nadir Shah (1688–1747). Originally a camel-driver, he became King of Persia, and captured Delhi in 1739.—EDS.

when you are writing against it; you are like Achilles inveighing against glory, or like Père Malebranche, whose brilliant imagination declaimed against imagination.

If any one is to find fault with literature, it should be I, since, in every place, it has served to persecute me; but we must love it in spite of the abuse which is made of it, just as we must love society, though so many wicked men corrupt its enjoyments; as we must love our country, no matter from what injustice we suffer; as we must love and serve the Supreme Being, notwithstanding the superstitions and fanaticism which so often dishonor this worship.

Mr. Chappuis tells me that your health is very bad; you ought to come and regain it in your natal air, enjoy liberty, drink with me the milk of our cows, and browse on our grass.

I am, very philosophically, and with the greatest esteem, etc.

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